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59th

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of the

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Of Hartford, Conn.

NET ASSETS, January 1, 1904,		$63,211,528.89
RECEIVED IN 1904.		
For Premiums	$5,411,377.44	
For Interest and Rents	2,958,582.95	
		8,369,960 39
		$71,581,489.28
DISBURSED IN 1904.		
For claims by death, matured endowments, and annuities,	$5,430,800.32	
Surplus returned to policy-holders,	1,151,427.43	
Lapsed and Surrendered Policies,	652,367.07	
TOTAL TO POLICY-HOLDERS,	$7,234,594.82	
Commissions to Agents, Salaries, Medical Examiners' Fees, Printing, Advertising, Legal, Real Estate, all other Expenses	1,000,830.29	
TAXES	387,279.47	
Profit and Loss	37,409.10	
		8,660,113.68
BALANCE NET ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1904,		$62,921,375.60
SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.		
Loans upon Real Estate, first lien		$24,752,965.08
Loans upon Stocks and Bonds		30,000.00
Loans upon Policies of this Company		178,800.00
Premium Notes on Policies in force		512,020.08
Cost of Home Office Property		1,916,236.00
Cost of Real Estate owned by Company		8,678,593.03
Cost of Bonds		24,856,039.76
Cost of Bank and Railroad Stocks		829,076.25
Cash in Banks		1,166,761.50
Bills receivable		225.56
Agents' Debit Balances		658 34
		$62,921,375.60
ADD		
Interest due and accrued.	$912,697.01	
Rents due and accrued	14,311.92	
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost	1,009,301.99	
Net uncollected and deferred premiums	368,038.91	
	$2.304,349.83	
Less Bills Receivable and Agents' Debit Balances,	883.90	
		$2.303,465.93
ADMITTED ASSETS, December 31, 1904,		$65,224,841.53
LIABILITIES:		
Amount required to reinsure all outstanding Policies, net, Company's standard	$58,229,205.00	
All other liabilities	2,166,939.89	
		$60.396,144.89
SURPLUS		$4,828,696.64
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1905.

The Week.

The full text of President Roosevelt's extraordinary "agreement and covenant" with President Morales of San Domingo is an amazing document. It gives the lie to the belated and apologetic explanation of the State Department that this "protocol" was simply "a memorandum of a proposed agreement." This is the agreement itself. Nowhere within the four corners of it is there a hint that this instrument was to be submitted to the Senate, or any other body. "The American Government agrees"—the American Government guarantees"; and the thing was "done," not proposed —the agreement to "begin to take effect from and after the first of February," signatures having been affixed on January 20. Evidently there was no dream of asking the consent of the Senate. Messrs. Roosevelt and Hay had constituted themselves "the American Government," with final power to bind this country to put down revolutions in a foreign republic and to administer its finances. They have since been driven in alarm from that assumption. Now they propose to draw a treaty in due form, and consent to look at the Constitution.

In the London *Times* of January 24 is a long letter from its West Indian correspondent setting forth conditions in San Domingo. Revolution has been chronic for years. No so-called President is long left in office undisturbed. Apparently, the *de facto* President, Morales, has shrewdly conceived the plan of inducing the Americans to step in and take his revolutions off his hands. Clause 7 of the famous agreement binds the American Government, "at the request of the Dominican Republic," to "*preserve order*." In other words, Morales may comfortably disband his army and turn over to us the work of keeping Dominican conspirators and incendiaries in order. It is a sharp bargain for him to drive. Perhaps he learned such cleverness when a clerk in a German-American store in Sanchez. Afterwards an unfrocked priest, then a revolutionary, then a President in unstable equilibrium, he has been smart enough to make a cat's-paw of Uncle Sam. But the Senate will have a word to say. What it should most closely guard against is the peril lest the President go lawlessly ahead in San Domingo, as he did in Panama, to create a situation from which he will say it is impossible to withdraw.

Unquestionably, this year's inauguration parade will beat anything hitherto seen in the circus world. First will come the Rough Riders, the regiment famed for having obtained greater renown and more offices for less fighting than any other in the world's history. Next will march the battalion of Filipino scouts which has been kept in the country for this purpose since the close of the St. Louis Exhibition, although their services are needed in the archipelago. Next in order will come Geronimo, the greatest of Apache warriors; American Horse, who led the Cheyennes on many a warpath; and Hollow Horn Bear, the Sioux chieftain. Sailors from the fleet, soldiers from the forts, cadets from West Point and Annapolis, will be next, while the presence of thousands of college men will show how the youth of the country approve the strenuous life. We respectfully offer the following suggestions for additional features certain to attract the public: Delegations of railroad presidents favoring the imposition of rates, led by Paul Morton, with William J. Bryan as first assistant; 100—"count them"—100 bishops opposed to divorce and led by Bishop Hare, fresh from the sale of his Protestant mission schools; the entire Republic of Panama, 250 strong, William Nelson Cromwell, chief marshal; three hundred Dominicans, headed by President Morales, marching in a square of American rapid-fire guns; and President Castro, with the Venezuelan army bearing specimens of asphalt in place of arms.

The General Staff of the army, just a year and a half old, already stands condemned. We had foreseen certain dangers, but must confess that we had overlooked those which have compelled Senator Hale to denounce the new body in unmitigated terms, and to record his opposition to any similar staff for the navy. Senator Hale's experience with the General Staff autocrats has been sad indeed. Hearing that Congress had appropriated $500,000 for post recreation buildings, he went to the War Department, as in the good old days, to fix with the Secretary just how much of this should go to Maine. To his horror the Secretary denied any authority in the matter, and brutally referred him to the General Staff, which, said Mr. Taft, would give the Senator a hearing if he asked for it. Such an insult to the dignity of a United States Senator engaged in the legitimate business of hunting for pie for his constituents was unheard of. Spurning the hearing, Mr. Hale strode back to the Senate, and in his wrath launched a philippic at this body which dares to stand between a Senator and a bit of patronage. Naturally, in Mr. Hale's eyes, the Secretary of War has shrunk—even if it be by his own wish—to a mere nobody, while the General Staff has usurped all his legitimate functions. With the country and the Constitution thus in danger, Mr. Hale thunders well.

Every one must admire Secretary Taft's persistence in going before Congress and asking for a reduction of the Philippine tariff. Although appealing to his own party, he might, from the look of things, plead as well for common schools in Liberia or for the single-tax in Hayti. Congress is simply no longer interested in the Philippines—proof of the hollowness of the Imperialistic contentions of four or five years ago. Then we were assured that we might trust in the wisdom of Congress as in an all-wise Providence; that the responsibility for the millions of Filipinos would make Congress always eager to do everything possible for the archipelago, with the result that our own politics would be vastly purified. Well, we now see how it actually works. The President and the Secretary of War go down on their knees to Congress for the simplest act of justice to the Filipinos imaginable—all in vain. Special messages and the arguments of Mr. Taft are alike futile. Even the threat of Secretary Taft to come out for free trade another year if a reasonable reduction be refused now, has fallen perfectly flat. Indifference and the influence of the protected interests prevent his own party from moving, while the Democratic leader, Representative Williams, has stolen his thunder by introducing a free-trade bill. For the Filipinos this measure is far more vital than the regulation of railroad rates for this country. But we hear no talk of an extra session, and the "man in the White House who does things" is helpless to aid a cause which must appeal to every one's chivalry and sense of what is really a "square deal."

Although the bill authorizing railroad construction in the Philippines was considerably bettered by amendments previous to its receiving the President's signature on Monday, we can but think the precedent of a Government guarantee of 4 per cent. on thirty millions of railroad bonds vicious. Already people are saying that a scheme like this which primarily benefits large capitalists, finds favor with Congress, but that tariff reduction in the interests of the masses can obtain no hearing. Secretary Taft, it must be recorded, did not forget in his hour of success on Monday to speak again for his tariff demands. He is greatly gratified to have made the Philippine Government a partner in the

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railroad business. There is no good reason now why it should not similarly go into partnership with steamship companies for the purpose of building up a trade in American bottoms with China or India or Australia, to say nothing of the United States. Then there is the coastwise trade, which would benefit by a 4 per cent. Government guarantee of first mortgages. How this guarantee will work in practice remains to be seen. An incentive to railroad efficiency it cannot be said to be. And in the event of a foreclosure, there is no other alternative than Government ownership or management.

The Statehood bill was introduced in the House on April 4, 1904, after the Committee on Territories had worked over the collection of Statehood bills offered by individual members. Four days after its introduction it was reported favorably. For eleven days it was on the calendar. Then, on April 19, it was taken up shortly after noon, under a special rule which prohibited all amendments, debated for three and a half hours, and passed. The Senate Committee kept it under consideration for the rest of that session, and reported it, with amendments, on December 16. It was called up on January 4. Since then, it has been discussed almost daily. Where the House gave but a few hours, the Senate has had the measure up for debate during thirty-three days. All the Senators especially interested have had an opportunity to speak. Important amendments have been proposed and discussed, details have been perfected. The debate in the House was a pure formality. In the Senate, where party lines have not been strictly drawn, it has been to some degree a genuine interchange of ideas. Even the final vote on Tuesday was marked by deliberation and independence, if also by a necessary exhibition of strategy, for the body was very evenly divided. In the end Mr. Foraker and his supporters carried the day. Arizona was sidetracked, and New Mexico and the combined Indian Territory and Oklahoma alone were conceded admission as States. The matter now reverts to the House and probably to a conference committee.

In spite of the rumor that the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections will decide adversely to Senator Smoot, the comments of the press throughout the country seem to show that the trend of feeling just now is rather in his favor. As a matter of fact, the public has never quite known what to think about the Mormon Senator, and has caught at every suggestion eagerly. "What is to be done about this?" was the query when the news first came that the Utah Legislature had chosen an apostle to represent the State. "He has only one wife," the dispatches announced at once. "Oh, very well," said the public, with relief, and Mr. Smoot was sworn in with none of the hubbub that attended the advent of Roberts at Washington. Then came the testimony of the polygamous relations of the head men in the Church. "So this is the sort of crowd Smoot consorts with!" was the horrified exclamation. A popular vote last March would have expelled the Senator with scant courtesy. But the attempted demonstration of Church control in politics was not clear enough to startle anybody, and Mr. Smoot's excellent personal reputation has told in his favor. "The question is," said one newspaper, "can a Mormon be a good citizen? We are compelled to admit that in Mr. Smoot's case, at leas he can." As the facts stand, this is not an issue on which conscientious people can be expected to agree. The sentiment against Smoot has naturally been more audibly manifested, but the favorable view has acquired considerable support.

It is a rough-and-ready solution of the immigration problem which the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization endorses by voting to report favorably the Adams bill. It proceeds, in fact, on much the same principles that a police officer applies when in charge of a building that is in danger from overcrowding. "How many more will it stand?" "Three hundred more." "All right; let in that many, and then close the doors." Just so the Adams bill makes an estimate of the number of foreigners of the so-called "undesirable" races which the country can safely take in. Having fixed this number at 80,000 for each country, it proposes to close the gates in the face of No. 80,001. As a matter of fact, there are only three countries which send more than 80,000 a year as it is. These are Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia. Had they each been cut down to 80,000 last year, the total number of aliens admitted would have been reduced by 275,593, or about one-third. If the 200,000 arriving Italians could be stood up for comparison and the best 80,000 picked out for admission, it is self-evident that the average would be much higher than at present. The sifting process applied to immigrants as they come would necessarily be less perfect, while if it were stringent enough actually to select the most promising two out of every five, the fixing of a maximum number would become superfluous.

The more the Government seed distribution is talked over in Congress, the more chance there may be of its ultimate abolition or reform. Meanwhile, neither side in the discussion can expect its reasoning to possess the charm of novelty. Just a decade ago the same arguments used by Mr. Lodge and the Senators who took issue with him on Thursday were being propounded in House and Senate. The Congress then in session was the one elected with Mr. Cleveland, and was pledged to a programme of economy. The new Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. J. Sterling Morton, saw in the seed distribution an opportunity for retrenchment and urged it upon Congress. Yet the House voted down, by the tremendous majority of 3 to 47, an amendment reducing the seed appropriation from $180,000 to $56,000. On the same day an amendment by Mr. Williams of Mississippi was defeated, putting the seed distribution in the hands of the agricultural colleges and experiment stations instead of the members of Congress. Theories about the proper functions of government have never been controlling in this matter. It is undoubtedly true that the distribution has been made more intelligently of late years; at least allotments have been made with more knowledge of local needs. They ought, accordingly, to be more appreciated. In one year the Secretary of Agriculture reported that out of 1,800,000 persons who received free seeds, 940 sent acknowledgements, and in almost every one of these cases incidentally asked for more.

If the manufacturers of alcoholic preparations, articles of iron, steel, and lead, or products made from sugar and molasses, are permitted to obtain a drawback on the imported raw materials entering into articles for export, even when they are inextricably mixed with domestic materials, it seems fair and reasonable to let flour millers do the same thing. It appears from Attorney-General Moody's opinion in the matter of the Canadian wheat drawback, that "a very large proportion" of the $5,000,000 paid as drawbacks during 1903 "was paid upon the exportation of manufactures in which the imported and domestic materials were so blended that they were not apparent to the sight or other senses, and could only be ascertained by the manufacturer's record." Thus, by interpretation of the existing law, there has been accomplished one of the objects of proposed new legislation for liberalizing the drawback ssytem. The word comes promptly from Minneapolis that the new ruling will be a great thing for the farmers of this country. Of course, the only reason the millers had for desiring the new ruling was that they wanted to buy Canadian hard wheat instead of American, which costs more. But the Canadian hard wheat will always be mixed with American soft wheat; and, as the exports of flour increase with the lower price, the American farmer will find a better demand for that soft wheat in order that it may go into the mixture. The duty of 25 cents a bushel on wheat, we have always known, was a blessing to

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the farmer; but the invention of a means of escaping that duty on one class of imported wheat is also a blessing to him.

It is a strange thing for protectionists to be hallooing about. Free-traders may properly hail it as a kind of payment on account, a belated and forced recognition of one of their principles; but it is a blow at the very vitals of protection. If drawbacks may nullify protective duties on wool and hides, what becomes of the grand log-rolling game of grab for all and grab for each? Who will weep for the Ohio Shepherds? They will not like free trade by judicial interpretation any better than at the hands of President Roosevelt's wicked counsellors of the closet. Besides, how long can the smartest nation on earth be expected to submit to the howling absurdity of what is now proposed? We are going to strain every nerve to supply the good things of life cheap—to foreigners. We are to rack the Dingley law in order to intensify the existing feeling against protective tariffs, on account of their enabling manufacturers to make their fellow-citizens pay them more than Englishmen or Frenchmen or Germans for the same goods. That the foreigner should get American flour at lower rates than Americans can; that American shoes should be sold abroad much cheaper than at home; that American woollens should be put within the reach of foreign workingmen, while our own are forced to wear cotton or shoddy—this is trumpeted as the latest glory of protection!

How far the Hay-Bond treaty has been modified in Senate committee has not been told, but it is obviously a triumph to get Senator Lodge to assent to it on any terms. In past time he has always taken the ground that by any permissible arrangement with Newfoundland the Gloucester fishermen may get, but must never give. He has, moreover, under his particular care the protected industry of herring smuggling. The Gloucester herring dealers buy the fish of the Newfoundland seiners, and then, by a self-stultification of the Dingley tariff which other importers who pay their duties may well envy, enter the fish free at American ports. Evidently, any reciprocity agreement making Newfoundland fish free may interfere with this thriving traffic. The Blue-nose fishermen would doubtless be glad to sell the herring direct, instead of to the Gloucester freighters. Still, however Mr. Lodge may have been appeased, he is wise in yielding to the overwhelming reciprocity sentiment in his State, and the treaty should be promptly passed, not only because it promises considerable mutual advantage, but because of its tactical value also. It will be a strong argument for Sir Wilfrid Laurier's dropping the indifference he has assumed, perhaps for purposes of diplomatic coquetry, and resuming an expectant attitude concerning reciprocity between Canada and this country.

That consistent protectionism has its difficulties is clearly shown by "The Bystander" in the Toronto *Sun*. It appears that Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform League has sent out its circulars in German envelopes. Worse yet, the high priest of Imperial reciprocity, Mr. Pearson, has been detected in printing one of his publications in Holland, and has added concealment to the original offence. Only by the bad luck that besets new movements did one or two copies, still bearing the tell-tale imprint, fall into the hands of malicious Little Englanders. A more fundamental lapse from sound protectionist practice was revealed when some meddlesome person turned up one of the six thousand folding chairs provided for Chamberlain's meetings. Under the seat was plainly seen the damning inscription: "Made in Russia." If righteousness is absent in the very chieftains of "trading with ourselves," what are we to expect from the rank and file? Celestial ire against the free traders is nourished daily by French and Spanish wines, and the swelling bosom of the prator for home industries is usually covered by a German linen shirt. Until the Chamberlainites show the stern fibre of those colonial dames who cheered their spinning by copious draughts of raspberry tea, one may despair of the conversion of England from the free-trade fetish.

Bryan's enthusiastic endorsement of Roosevelt has scarcely more awkwardness for the latter than has, for Mr. Balfour, Chamberlain's effusive identification of his views with those of the Prime Minister. Chamberlainism is evidently on the down grade. Bye-election after bye-election gives it an added shove. Coincidently, Mr. Balfour becomes philosophically more detached and indifferent as respects this tiresome (and politically ruinous) fiscal policy. In his more recent speeches he has had no occasion so much as to mention Mr. Chamberlain's name. How vexatious, then, for the latter to write, as he did the other day, to a Conservative candidate: "I do not myself recognize any differences of principle between Mr. Balfour and myself. If we differ at all, it is only on a question of methods and tactics." And the worst of this is, that the chief question of "tactics" between the two is as to a speedy dissolution of Parliament and a general election. Mr. Chamberlain has said that it cannot come too soon to suit him; but Mr. Balfour has none of the rash spirit which would rush upon death. However, Chamberlain undoubtedly has it in his power to force a dissolution, and the chief interest of the coming session will lie in his decision to use it or not.

Gripenberg's reverse on the Hun River, while not of the magnitude of the great battles below Liaoyang and Mukden, was evidently more than the failure of a reconnoissance in force. The fighting lasted five days, and the losses exceeded 20,000 on both sides. The movement must be interpreted in the light of Mitshenko's recent raid towards Niuchwang, and the whole previous strategy of the Japanese. Mitshenko demonstrated that the Japanese left flank might easily be turned by a mobile force. Half a dozen major engagements from Telissu to the Sha-ho had proved the impossibility of detaching the Japanese army from its positions at the roots of the Mountains. So it seems that Gripenberg tried to profit by the hint of the cavalry raid and fight in the level stretches of the Hun Valley. His initial attack met with success, but he was finally driven back, on January 29, to his old positions. From the fact that the regular counter movement against the Russian left, which in half a dozen instances has proved successful in the past, was not pushed vigorously, we get an indication that Oyama is no longer in commanding numerical superiority, and that the present deadlock is likely to continue until spring.

The statistics of the mortality in Gen. Oku's army, published on Thursday, would seem incredible had not Major Lewis L. Seaman prepared the American public for the astonishing figures. No nation and no army ever made such a record before. From May 6 to December 19, during seven and a half months of the hardest kind of campaigning, there were actually only forty deaths from disease out of 24,642 cases. Not more than 193 men came down with typhoid, hitherto the scourge of all modern armies, and practically all of the beriberi patients were restored to health. American and European army surgeons must doff their hats to the Japanese. Take our own record in 1898. We put into the field during a similar period (from May 1 to December 31) about 275,000 men, of whom no less than 4,965 officers and men died of disease—nine-tenths of them in peaceful camps within our own territory. Doubtless, Gen. Oku's army was not as large as our levies of 1898; perhaps he had only half as many men. But when one considers the relative conditions of the two armies, it is now more than ever plain that several thousand of our war victims were needlessly destroyed by their own folly or because of the incompetence of their officers. When the exact strength of Oku's army becomes known, the figures we are commenting on will doubtless afford still more striking lessons for our General Staff.

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TRUST FUNDS FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

A dozen years ago the Government announced that payments to sectarian missionary societies for carrying on boarding schools among the Indians would be reduced a certain percentage each year till the system disappeared. For a time, however, the Government gave the schools the rations and annuities assigned to the children who were in attendance. In 1901 the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, W. A. Jones, issued an order to stop this practice, as it was in evident violation of the spirit of the act of Congress. William H. Hare, the Protestant Episcopal missionary bishop of South Dakota, remonstrated in behalf of his schools, but the Secretary of the Interior and the Attorney-General sustained Commissioner Jones in his contention that the department had no authority to favor sectarian schools. Bishop Hare closed two of his missions and sold them at a heavy sacrifice. The Catholics were exceedingly eager to retain their allowances, and Dr. E. L. Scharf, a Catholic in Washington, promised Senator Bard of the Committee on Indian Affairs that, if Congress would appropriate $150,000 for two years, the Catholics would stand by the Administration in twenty doubtful Congressional districts. Congress failed to make the desired appropriations; but, upon representations from Charles J. Bonaparte and others, President Roosevelt ordered $98,460 of Indian trust funds paid to Catholic missions and $4,320 to a Lutheran mission. The pretext under which this money was devoted to sectarian purposes was that the Indians had petitioned for such a disposition of their property.

On Friday last, Father William H. Ketcham, director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, presented to the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs a communication addressed to President Roosevelt by Attorney-General Moody, on the subject. This official "explanation and justification" of the diversion of a trust is labored and unconvincing. The opinion of Mr. Knox, as summarized and transmitted by Mr. Moody, is that the Administration is technically within the law. When Congress explicitly declared against State aid for sectarian schools, it merely meant that Congress itself would not lend further aid; the Executive was still free to dispose of funds in its keeping. When Congress said in 1899, "This being the final appropriation for sectarian schools," it merely meant that this was the final appropriation from Congress itself; the Executive could still appropriate from the trust funds. In fine, the principle of Government partnership in sectarian missions, which, whenever Congress tried to apply it, proved so corrupting, so subversive of American ideals of religious equality, might become, in the hands of an all-wise and omnipotent Executive, most beneficent and impartial. Congress tried to apportion hundreds of thousands of dollars fairly between Protestant and Catholic schools; but still there would be wire-pulling, low intrigue, and an unedifying scramble for sectarian advantage. But when the Executive, on the basis of a sneak petition, gives $98,460 to the Catholics and $4,320 to the Lutherans, and disregards all other denominations, nobody can have the slightest ground of complaint. Quibble is the only word to apply to this defence of the Administration.

The scandal has been further illuminated by a letter from the President to Secretary Hitchcock defending the legality of the act, and a heated attack on the *Evening Post* by Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore, for having said that Mr. Bonaparte described as "small people engaged in small and dirty work" those who objected to the payment of $98,460 from the trust funds to the Catholic schools. Mr. Bonaparte declares he intended these harsh words only for people who think Dr. E. L. Scharf spoke for the Catholic Church, and who are trying to "use a trivial incident" to "revive sectarian prejudices and animosities." No one, of course, supposes that Dr. Scharf was a formally authorized agent of the Catholic Church. But that he represented a strong Catholic influence in Washington—an "ecclesiastical lobby" is Dr. Lyman Abbott's term—no one can deny. As the people who are protesting against the diversion of funds are the very ones who, if any, may be accused of "using this trivial incident," Mr. Bonaparte's distinction seems verbal rather than real.

The President relies for his justification upon the opinion of the Attorney-General. Granting for the moment the legality of the President's course, we cannot reconcile it with any theory of fairness. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, at that time Mr. Jones, had told all the managers of mission schools that they were to receive nothing from the Government. If the President desired to reverse this policy, he should have given an equal chance to all the sects to circulate petitions among the Indians and secure their share. Instead of being an open and above-board transaction, this was carried under a blanket. A petition was handed about quietly by friends of the Catholics; Indians were in some instances bribed to sign—a loaf of bread to each signer; and on the basis of these preposterous documents, representing a minute fraction of the tribes, nearly $100,000 of trust funds was turned over to the Catholics. Coupled with this is the ugly coincidence that a Catholic in Washington had been talking to a member of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs about Catholic influence in twenty doubtful Congressional districts; and had been making threats to a member of the Lower House.

Had the President publicly promulgated this plan of appropriation by petition, he would instantly have got both himself and the Indians into hot water. The representatives of the various denominations would have been pulling and hauling for signatures. Against the single loaf bid by the Catholics, the Presbyterians could offer two, the Methodists a blanket, and the Episcopalians a rifle. The reservations would be torn with disgraceful squabbles. In fine, the principle which the President now avows —"unless Congress should decree to the contrary," or "unless the courts should decide that the decision of the Department of Justice is erroneous"—would, if all sects were granted a fair field and no favor, be a terrible blow to Indian education and progress.

The President also remarks:

> "Care must be taken to see that any petition by the Indians is genuine, and that the money appropriated for any given school represents only the pro-rata proportion to which the Indians making the petition are entitled."

In the cases in question no such care seems to have been exercised. Against the genuineness of the petitions a considerable body of evidence is to be found in the *Congressional Record*, from which it would appear that more Indians oppose than favor the diversion of the trust funds. Why the President should assume responsibility for an order to sequestrate the common property of a tribe, and should honor such a suspicious and discredited draft, no one has hitherto explained. If Bishop Hare and others are to be believed, a very slight inquiry would have revealed the flimsy character of these petitions.

The President is now much concerned that the Catholic schools get "only the pro-rata proportion to which the Indians making the petitions are entitled." But we have the authority of Mr. Brosius, agent of the Indian Rights Association, for two very striking facts. Under the "pro-rata" plan the Holy Rosary Roman Catholic school at Pine Ridge would be entitled to $700. It receives this year $21,600, drawn from the funds of the whole tribe. The Catholic schools at Pine Ridge, Rosebud, and Crow Creek, taken together, would be entitled to but $1,803. They receive $55,620. This is an excess payment of $53,817, abstracted from the shares of the Indians who are now protesting. The President's letter, we submit, can neither explain nor defend this gross injustice.

FIRMNESS—IN ROTATION.

To study the cases in which Mr. Roosevelt, according to the Washington correspondents, has put his foot down would be to gain a considerable understanding of the fascinating game of combined politics and statecraft which no

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President has played more brilliantly. Mr. Roosevelt is always firm about something. Last week, for example, the *Tribune* reported him as determined to press the arbitration treaties. "He was never in greater earnest about anything," says a Western Senator. But the same dispatch admits that firmness on the subject of prompt legislation for interstate commerce has yielded to despair. Other papers learn that he is far from firm in the matter of prosecuting criminally the offending magnates of the Beef Trust. The Beef Trust directors, we are told, may either be put in jail or bidden to dinner; soon the President may take a firm stand one way or the other. In recent times he has been inexorably committed to tariff revision, to marriage reform, to a maximum naval programme—projects most of which are, after all, decidedly in abeyance. In fact, on pretty nearly all the issues on which we have been told that Mr. Roosevelt had chosen the "last ditch," his present attitude might, in stock-market parlance, be described as "firm but inactive."

We note the facts because they cast much light on a subject of concern to us all—Mr. Roosevelt's psychology. Why is he never simultaneously firm on all his pet measures, but generally decided only on one at a time, in a somewhat periodic rotation? First of all, no human frame, not even the President's, could stand the strain of working at once all the irons he keeps in the fire. And, next, even if he really desired to nail up all his theses in the same hour, a kind of boyish enthusiasm and a constitutional restlessness prevent his keeping many objects at once within emotional focus. We know that he rarely sees beyond the Kettle Hills in front of him, and one can imagine him clean forgetting an old cause in the enthusiasm for a new—quite as, on the memorable day before Santiago he may have wished the supply of hills was greater and their capture of hourly occurrence.

But no analysis of the Presidential mind is complete which makes him merely an *enfant terrible* of genius. To many it will recall Mr. John Sharp Williams's epigram on the underrating of Mr. Roosevelt's political ability, to discover that the President is most firm on the least pressing issues. His stubbornness on tariff reform has diminished in the ratio of Congressional opposition. To-day is an opportune time to present a grim front on the arbitration treaties; can we be so sure that a group of expostulant Senators to-morrow will not find him all amiability on arbitration, but thunderous on the preservation of the sanctity of the home? In short, the principle of rotation, so observable in the President's firmness, very often causes him to deliver his most formidable defiances simply at some unhappy man of straw.

Upon this fact we would comment in no unamiable spirit. It may be in some respects an admirable thing to combine the licensed audacities of the enthusiast with the politician's prudent avoidance of offence. It may be that by issuing numberless penultimatums, one breaks down opposition to the actual ultimatum when it comes. But firmness by rotation, like any other fixed method in a high official, must be judged by its fruits; and these are surprisingly few. In the Panama business Mr. Roosevelt could create a situation upon which Congress must act; in most matters involving a normal course of legislation, his success has been rather indifferent. It remains to be seen if he knows how to be firm at the moments when a great measure is really hanging in the balance, and what his firmness at such times weighs in the political scale.

But are there not matters in which Mr. Roosevelt can afford to be firm all the time? Is it not a mistake to treat an issue like rate regulation, corporation control, tariff revision, as if it were one of those eternal moral commonplaces concerning which fervor, though desirable, is not indispensable? We fancy that the President would have a longer record of achievement if he gave a freer hand to the Roosevelt the people know and like. The old hands in the Senate are openly derisive on the subject of Mr. Roosevelt's more obviously politic manœuvres; there is not one of them who does not fear and respect the dashing Roosevelt of popular legend. It is for this reason that we regret to see him at any time put himself in competition with the devilish sly. In so doing he sacrifices his natural advantages; the masterful way in which he imposed himself upon a lukewarm nominating convention is an example for him in dealing with a Congress too cynical to take safe enthusiasms at their face value. Direct methods become him best. He would have little respect for the pugilist who, when reminded that his adversary was ready, should say, "That can wait; meantime just see how I'm bruising this punching-bag."

Perhaps the culminating tribute to Mr. Roosevelt's popularity is the fact that a naturally humorous nation takes this almost daily changing of political hobbies with complete seriousness, and the average citizen still retains the picture of a stern and unbending Chief Magistrate. A prominent Congressman, and the President's very good friend, when asked if the repeated failure of Mr. Roosevelt's schemes in Congress would not in the end impair his prestige, answered: "Not in the least; everybody will say, 'What splendid things that young man would do if those old fools would only let him have his way!'"

THE PENDING STEP IN RAILWAY REGULATION.

There appears to be a growing sense at Washington and throughout the country that the proposed means of Federal railway regulation are disproportionate to the professed ends. No one has shown, the President least of all, that it is necessary, in order to abolish secret rebates, to lodge the rate-making power in the Government. That discriminations of every kind ought to be done away with, all agree; but it is not necessarily a sign of an obtuse mind or a dishonest purpose to ask just how rates fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission are going to do it, or why a rigid enforcement of existing laws will not do it. Why should we reach for the poison of extreme legislation when the daily bread of laws now in the books will suffice us?

Let one point be fixed. No one seriously complains of railway rates in themselves. It is not objected that published freight rates are unreasonably high in many given localities, nor is it denied that the average rate is surprisingly low. It is much lower than on English or German railroads. On this head, the Interstate Commerce reports are explicit. In 1893 it was stated that "to-day extortionate charges are seldom the subject of complaint." "The concession is quite general among shippers that, with some exceptions, rates, as a whole, are low enough, and they often express surprise that the service can be rendered at prices charged." In March, 1898, the chairman of the Commission testified before the Senate committee that "the question of railroad charges which in and of themselves are extortionate is pretty much obsolete." The real crux of the matter is clearly put before us in the report of 1897: "The rate is of very little consequence to the merchant, provided it is the same to his competitors as to himself."

The great mischief to be undone lies just there. Railway managers assert that the practice of secret rebates has been almost entirely abandoned. Probably they do not believe this themselves. Certainly no one else does. Such cases as the Atchison rebate to the Colorado Fuel Company, with its ugly reflections upon President Roosevelt's friend and Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Paul Morton, suggest the too common method. Traffic managers are ordered to "get the business." They would be discharged if they did not. Knowing this, the big shippers prick up their ears and go after their illegal advantage. The process is criminal on both sides; but the temptation to either is too powerful, and the secret rebate is lawlessly made. By it one concern or individual is enabled to throttle a competitor; by it the railroads "get the business," but violate the law and do grievous injustice to thousands. Against this thing no words can be too hot or strong. Yet our indignation at this pub-

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lic evil must not lead us to rush into a greater one in the hope of extirpating it, or make us blind to the effective remedies we already have in our hands, if we would but use them.

Needless legislation is always to be avoided; so much the more if ills we know not of lurk in it. A sober realization of this truth seems now to be gaining ground in Washington, even invading the White House. A Washington correspondent reports that the President is not altogether happy at having his railway legislation effusively endorsed by Bryan, and is now for a much less radical measure than he thought necessary two months ago. This process of conversion might happily go still further, we think, and finally persuade Mr. Roosevelt that what the Interstate Commerce Commission, or the Government, really needs is not "power over rates," but power over the violators of the law. He might begin by directing the Attorney-General to press with all vigor the suit which the Interstate Commerce Commission has just urged against the Atchison, for crimes approved, if not shared in, by Mr. Paul Morton.

The Republicans of the House held a caucus on Friday on the so-called Townsend bill. This is the measure reported by the Commerce Committee on Monday week, in place of the Hepburn bill of nine days before. Both bills were declared to have the approval of the Administration; so, we presume, will the next; and if no bill at all is passed, that result will just suit the President. He is always pleased with what is done. A comparison of the two bills reveals some points of superiority in the Townsend draft. It does not contemplate so many new offices and salaries as the Hepburn bill. But on its judicial side it is much less guarded. The Hepburn bill made careful provision for a judicial review of any ruling of the Commission, and for its suspension, pending review, upon giving a bond to reimburse any shipper for charges finally held to be unreasonable. But all this is stricken out of the Townsend bill. Neither project gives the railways any redress if the court should decide that a given rate imposed by the Commission is confiscatory. Apparently, the Committee's motto was, It is a good rule in railway legislation that works only one way. And now, whether the House ought or ought not to pass a bill giving the Interstate Commerce Commission power to make railroad rates, it ought not to do so in the way voted by the Republican caucus. The plan was to devote four hours to debate, to rule out all amendments, and to put through at a fixed hour to-day a bill involving the gravest Constitutional and practical questions. And it was Speaker Cannon, the angry stickler for the rights and privileges of the House as against the Senate, who was foremost in urging this stultification of the Representatives! That it amounts to this, who can dispute? The bill would not pass unless the House firmly believed that the Senate would either kill it or amend it out of all likeness to its original. This, of course, is simply to renounce the serious business of legislation, and turn it all over to the Senate. The latter body, of which the House professes to be jealous, is to be further exalted at the expense of the Representatives. They are ready, at the crack of the pistol, to give to the Commission a power of which the Commission itself says that "very few people not acquainted with the subject have any idea how difficult the solution of the problem is"; and to go obediently forward to enact legislation which President Roosevelt in his *first* message to Congress said would be "foolish."

FOOTBALL IN ITS PROPER LIGHT.

President Eliot has added to his long list of great public services by his analysis of the modern game of football, in his just published annual report. Like many another utterance of his, this must be regarded as the final word on the subject—at least until the modern game is thoroughly reformed. It is all the more notable coming as it does when Harvard College has abandoned its hitherto praiseworthy attitude in the matter of professional coaches in football and rowing, merely because of an undergraduate and graduate demand for victory. As the *Harvard Advocate* well put it: in rowing at least, pure amateurism has been thrown overboard. "We are paying primarily to have our crews win."

In football the desire to win has by itself worked evil enough; but the evil has been intensified by the preposterous publicity given to the game, nowhere so extensive as in the city which boasts most of its devotion to literature and art. The result is, that our young collegians conduct themselves after a defeat as if they had been cheated out of life's most cherished object. The torrent of "crude and vociferous criticism, blame, and praise" of which President Eliot speaks, is augmented by the complaints of graduates all over the country. They feel a personal grievance over a defeat, whether they live in California or in Florida. They petition athletic committees for a victory, in numbers and with an enthusiasm never called out for any genuine intellectual need of a college. As a result, there is no exaggeration in President Eliot's remark that the undergraduate mind is absorbed by this subject for two months at the beginning of every scholastic year.

With this opinion we believe that all college presidents would agree—within their confessional. In public, they continue muzzled on the whole subject. Realizing fully that the game has become a source of moral deterioration as well as of grave physical injury, they remain silent because they feel, with the general public, that success in football makes for the prosperity of the colleges. Or they evade the issue, as President Hadley did the other day, by saying that for presidents to talk about the sport only added to the exaggerated estimate of the importance of the game. But has the head of a great institution, charged with the moral welfare of thousands of students, the right to remain silent about a game which inculcates false ideals, stimulates trickery of all kinds, sets a premium upon strategems, surprises, and deceits, and is accompanied by a host of minor evils? President Eliot has for years been the educational pathfinder; in our opinion, his repeated assaults upon the game of football again emphasize his conspicuous intellectual and moral leadership. It is to be noted that this latest appeal of his is directed to the public, "especially the educated public," which he hopes to see take up this matter in earnest.

How can it fail to do so after hearing so convincingly that the main objection to the game is its moral quality? We have been deluded hitherto by the Rooseveltes and other worshippers of brute force into thinking that there was something noble, inspiring, and uplifting in the crashing together of twenty-two men. Sophistical defenders of the game would have us believe that upon football alone hangs the whole physical and moral development of our youth; that the game produces not merely the sound mind and the sound body, but all the chivalric qualities pertaining to man. All this edifice of rant and sentiment comes toppling down in a heap the minute President Eliot's logical mind begins to expose the distrust and hostility between competing colleges; coaching from side lines; offside play; holding and disabling opponents by kneeing and kicking, by heavy blows on the head; trickery and deceit, etc. All these things there are rules to prevent. But at what games have these regulations of the play of gentlemen been obeyed or enforced? The profit from violating the rules is a never ceasing incentive to their transgression; and no umpire has yet been found who could see all the violations or the foul play visible from the grandstand. Only week before last a Harvard player, Mr. Roger A. Derby of this city, came out against "the extreme laxity of the officials," and let out the following secret:

> "In the Harvard-Pennsylvania game of 1904, among the many cases of foul play not punished was one striking example that militated against the best interests of sportsmanship and which was perfectly unpardonable. Both a Harvard player and a Pennsylvania player were at the same time found guilty of dirty playing, and were both ordered to leave the game. The captains of the two teams, however, mutually agreed to allow these men, valuable to their respective teams, to continue playing, provided the official gave his consent. The official gave his consent, and no changes were made."

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If President Eliot had done nothing else, his denunciation of the theory that football is comparable to war would entitle him to the hearty thanks of that portion of the community which still concerns itself with college affairs. "In the consummate savagery called war"—itself a notable phrase—foul play of nearly all kinds is desirable. Spying, treachery, deceit, surprises, and tricks are the order of the day. The general who overwhelms a few with many receives the laurel; so, too, the "hero" who, by the lowest kind of strategy and by disguising himself in the enemy's uniform, captures a leader of the foe. In a manly sport participated in by friends there can be no justification for such methods. As President Eliot concludes:

> "Civilization has long been in possession of higher ethics than those of war, and experience has abundantly proved that the highest efficiency for service and the finest sort of courage in individual men may be accompanied by, and, indeed, spring from, unvarying generosity, gentleness, and good will."

We shall be disappointed indeed if the calm but incisive description of the evils of football by the head of Harvard does not produce a great effect, not only upon the public, but upon college faculties as well.

MIXING RESEARCH WITH BRAINS.

The third yearbook of the Carnegie Institution covers a bewildering roster of subjects from Chaucer lexicons to Desert laboratories, from Trans-Caspian archæology to an institution for experimental evolution; exact science always at the fore, and the humanities only exceptionally aided. But the scientists who so promptly obtained control of Mr. Carnegie's great foundation are beginning to justify their enterprise by results, and in particular by a very interesting attempt to survey and control scientific investigation. Under the title "Methods for Promoting Research in the Exact Sciences," Prof. Simon Newcomb has sent to five famous scholars representing physics, biology, astronomy, and mathematics a carefully framed scheme. He calls attention to the present unmanageable accumulation of the data of science, and advocates a bureau which should keep before investigators the real problems to be solved, and promote economy and accuracy in the gathering of statistics. The function of such a bureau, as Professor Schuster of Owens College, Manchester, points out, would be, "to place before the man of general science the main results of observations which want discussing, and, on the other hand, before the observer the main facts and measurements which the theoretical student requires for his work." It is an attempt to do collectively and authoritatively what Bacon in the Novum Organum and other scientific works sought to do individually. The success of such a movement could not fail to mark a turning-point in scientific research.

Concerning so ambitious a project it is not surprising to find considerable skepticism. Professors Schuster and Pickering of Harvard alone assent in the main to the programme, though Lord Rayleigh in a too brief and perfunctory note gives his blessing. Profs. H. H. Turner of Oxford and G. H. Darwin of Cambridge doubt if the bureau would do much more than furnish positions of eminence to approved scientists. Professor Karl Pearson expresses even more strongly the thought that the trouble with our statistical era is not lack of organization and direction, but lack of brains all along the line. On the whole matter of pseudo-scientific observation, his letter is refreshingly outspoken. We need, he holds, not so much a method of manipulating present statistics, as a means of getting rid of valueless data altogether. "At least 50 per cent. of the observations made and the data collected are worthless, and no man, however able, could deduce any result from them at all. In engineer's language, we need to 'scrap' about 50 per cent. of the products of nineteenth-century science." Dr. Pearson specifies as notoriously inaccurate meteorologic and medical statistics. Biological and sociological observations are ordinarily even of lower value. He doubts whether "even a small proportion of the biometric data being accumulated in Europe and America could by any amount of ingenuity be made to provide valuable results," and believes "that the man capable of making it yield them would be better employed in collecting and reducing his own material."

To assume a position of authority over the incompetents would be immensely difficult, he fears. The director of a bureau for research is too likely to find himself "in an impossible position relative to the mediocre observers whose data he is to manipulate." In short, Professor Pearson ever comes back to his thesis, that it is difficult and always risky to base any generalization on the data collected by routine observers. Inclined as we are to divide scientists into those who measure and accumulate and those who draw general conclusions from the materials thus gathered, Professor Pearson brings us back sharply to the real dilemma, that no man whose nose is always on the details of observation is a safe fact-gatherer, while no one whose head is too high above such necessary drudgery is a safe generalizer. In his scorn of statistics as they are frequently taken, no one conversant with the facts will find Professor Pearson too severe. In these matters one has to do not only with defective intelligence, but with incredible indolence and fraud. Throughout the country the Government pays thousands of persons to take stated weather observations. How many of these hand in sheer guesses? It was an edifying sight in a small New England town to note the elaborate system of corrections by which the observer, an habitual late riser, ascertained the readings he was supposed to take at six o'clock. But his statistics were doubtless as good as many that pass through the Government Printing-Office. Short of fraud, this measuring age produces masses of statistics that prove everything or nothing. After the Presidential election we were offered a chart of appalling size and exemplary neatness, in which was recorded, election by election, the vote of every town in the State for a matter of fifty years back. In this way one might study the political fluctuations of New York or of Cobleskill. It is such methods that make Professor Pearson wonder if the fault is not more with bad observers than with tardy theorists, and lead him to offer, in place of Professor Newcomb's more ambitious scheme, a modest plan for a Statistical and Computing Institute.

This frank confession of a scientist brings a certain comfort to philologers and historians who, imagining modestly that their own subjects had a monopoly in misuse of the statistical method, looked upon the data of the exact sciences with something like superstitious awe. In view, however, of Professor Pearson's avowals, it is evident that a strong human bond exists between him who measures average sentence-length, color words, and the like, and him who tabulates, say, immigration under categories of race and redheadedness. The difficulty is, after all, that which Sir Joshua's pupil found with his palette. Statistics as well as colors need to be mixed with brains; and all the organization in the world brings us little nearer that desideratum. Professor Newcomb's circular note has provoked a very interesting discussion; it may result in the establishment of some new and measurably valuable facility for science. A substitute for the great scientist it will scarcely supply, and the great scientist when he comes will be rather little beholden to organized encouragement. Unhappily, Professor Pearson's idea of an institute for the discouragement of unintelligent research seems even more of a dream than Professor Newcomb's clearing-house and directorate for experimental science.

THE IMPRESSIONISTS IN LONDON.

LONDON, January 16, 1905.

The world does, indeed, move. A few years ago, London would have been the last place chosen for probably the most representative exhibition ever given of the French painters who are grouped together, for convenience, as the Impressionists—a few years ago, the very name of Impressionism being as a red rag in the face of an Academy-bound public. And yet, to

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London, to the Grafton Gallery, M. Durand-Ruel is now able to bring a collection of their work so large that his gallery in Paris would not hold it; so fine that never before, within my knowledge, has there been such a chance to study one of the most interesting and defiant phases in the art of the last century. Many of the pictures, of course, have been seen at different times at M. Durand-Ruel's and in other galleries, but never all at the same time; and if several of the most remarkable examples shown at the Paris Exhibition in 1900 are not here, on the other hand, there are several as remarkable from M. Durand-Ruel's own private house that have rarely, if ever, left it before. The result is that, though one may not have anything very new to learn about these men and the movement they instituted, one is able to judge better than ever the value of their influence on modern art, and the reason, perhaps, why it has not been as great as, at one time, seemed likely.

The collection, wisely, has been limited to nine painters. More is to be learned from those who may be called the leaders or inaugurators, than from all the followers, imitators, and hangers-on, who, in trying to carry further a movement they did not originate, usually end by reducing its principles to the last absurdity. The nine are Boudin, who may not seem at first altogether in touch with the others, but whose seas and groups of fisherwomen along the shore, if carefully studied, explain why he has a place with a school devoted to problems of atmosphere; Manet, Degas, and Monet, the three dominant figures (though that Degas should have come to be classified and pigeonholed with Manet and Monet is one of the most curious features in the whole episode); Madame Morisot, whose debt to Manet is great, but who added to what she got from him a very personal note and charm of her own; Renoir, Cézanne, Pissarro, and Sisley, who, it must be confessed, are left by closer acquaintanceship in the secondary rank, where one was from the first inclined to place them. Little by little, the public—even the British public, thanks to the International—has got used to seeing their work, and is therefore no longer scandalized, much as it may still disapprove. The old days of storm and stress, when to their admirers they formed "l'Avant-Garde" of M. Duret's memorable phrase, when, like Zola's hero, they set out to "conquer" Paris, when the discussion of *la peinture claire, plein-airisme,* broken brushwork, the division of tones, led to deadly feuds in the studios and ribald mirth among the critics—those old days have long since gone. To-day, it is only when we remember what painting was in the sixties and seventies that we can understand why Impressionism—a term convenient to use for the meaning time has given to it—was considered such an unparalleled revolt. A revolt, however, it really was, and one that struck deeper at the root of things than the many that preceded it. The Romanticists were rebels to their generation, and yet they rebelled only against the academic; they had no quarrel with the great conventions of art sanctified by the great past. But the most defiant Impressionists, in their eagerness to see Nature for themselves, to avoid known types, to express their own *personality*—in their determination never to compose a picture, never to arrange Nature—rebelled against everything that had gone before, in theory at least. They disdained whatever smacked of the Louvre, though one can now trace in their work enough of the Louvre to have driven them to despair had they discovered it in the first heat of rebellion. To see Nature for themselves meant inevitably to record it for themselves in their own way, and the methods they evolved in the attempt to put upon canvas effects no one had before attempted, bewildered the critics, who could not look below the method, and the then startling results, to underlying principles. That was why Impressionism was denounced as a short cut, a labor-saving device for the artist who was too indolent or conceited to go through the usual training and apprenticeship as student. That such a reproach should have been made against it seems incredible, now that the excitement has calmed down. In an exhibition like the present, nothing strikes one so much as the fact that knowledge, experience, and technical skill are the solid foundation for the most daring experiments of the men who wanted to use their eyes for themselves, and to say what they had to say in their own fashion.

It is amusing to remember the howl of execration Degas raised in London, not more than ten or twelve years since, when the daily press was filled with the immorality of his pictures, and Academicians joined in the attack to expose the unscrupulousness with which he shirked his work. There are thirty-five examples of Degas now at the Grafton; the ballet-girls, the washerwomen, the women at the bath, he never tires of studying. To look at them is to feel how little the question of morality enters into his scheme of art; how these subjects attract him simply because of certain truths he finds nowhere else as strikingly presented; how, so far from evading anything, he seeks in every figure, every arrangement, a new problem of form, or pose, or movement, or foreshortening, or perspective. It is true that often Degas appears indifferent to all beauty, save the beauty of truth. There is one astounding picture of "Miss Zaza," at the end of her performance in mid-air, letting herself down on the long uncoiled rope; and the rendering of the lithe, muscular form, in the tights that allow of no shirking of drawing or modelling, the foreshortening of the legs, the way the strain on the arms and neck is indicated, are all wonderful in their truth and in the simple statement of it—a statement so destitute of the muscular exaggerations, the heroic proportions, dear to the old masters, that the learning upon which it is based is lost upon the casual observer. But then to Degas nothing else has counted except the figure; a picture was not attempted. As often, however, Degas is absorbed in the beauty of his subjects—the beauty of composition as the dancers group themselves for practice or the performance, the beauty of the play of light on their shimmering skirts, the beauty of atmospheric effect as they come and go, now in the flare of the footlights, now in the shadowy distance. There are two large pastels in the collection, unlike any I have hitherto seen, half-length groups of ballet-girls, without background or accessories of any kind, arrangements of their heads and necks and arms as they meet in some pose or movement of the dance; but groups as full of dignity and grace of form, as harmonious in color, as the figures decorating the walls of many an old Italian palace or church. The titles of the paintings and pastels by Degas are seldom a very definite clue—"Ballet-Girls," "Ballet-Girls in Pink," "Ballet-Girls in Green," "The Ballet": how many of his pictures and drawings would not these describe? That is why I can do no more than refer to the series as a whole. One comes from it more than ever impressed with the great accomplishment, the great seriousness of Degas, more amazed than ever that his ballet-girls should have been accepted as a symbol of decadence, his own unconventional conventions as the makeshift of the indolent or the untrained.

The seriousness of the indefatigable student, of the accomplished craftsman, is what impresses one most also in Manet—what, I fancy, M. Durand-Ruel meant should impress the British public. For the Manets sent are mostly those in which even the British public could not see, or pretend to see, indolence and incompetence. There are no pictures like that amusing "Déjeûner sur l'herbe," like the marvellous still-lifes exhibited in Paris in 1900, like some of the later open-air impressions, that I should have liked to find in such a collection. But, after all, the work included, forming a fairly large series, is perhaps the most appropriate to the present exhibition. It shows the stages by which Manet reached his latest and most personal manner. There is a surprising little "Garden of the Tuileries in 1860," crowded with people in the absurd costume of the day, all the infinite detail worked out with a minuteness that would have put Frith and his "Derby Day" to shame, and with a skill altogether beyond the grasp or comprehension of Frith. Then come pictures like the large full-length "Beggar," the huge group of "Wandering Musicians," reminiscent of Velasquez and the inspired days which Manet, not yet quite emancipated from the schools, must have spent in the Prado; pictures like "The Bull Fight" and "Spanish Dancers," memories of Goya in the color, the movement, the spirit. And as characteristic of Manet in his development are the portraits of Mlle. Eva Gonzales which horrified the world at the Salon of 1870, and of "Petruiset the Lion Killer," with its touch of humor that might have been the germ from which Tartarin was evolved, though I am not sure enough of my dates to say whether it was not Tartarin who colored Manet's impression of the lion-killer posing, apparently, in a suburban garden. The study of fish is not one of his most amazing still-lifes; it cannot compare to that triumphant cabbage upon which he lavished as much beauty of handling as painters of old would have devoted to saints and Madonnas; but still so fine is it that, with the others, as well as studies of Manet's own garden, commonplace save for the magic of his brush, and a sketch, all action, of races at Longchamps, it will give people who have only seen occasional Manets here and there, a fair idea of why artists look up to him as one of the greatest and most original of modern painters.

Monet is better represented, though, unfortunately, not by any of the earlier works done before light and atmosphere were to him all engrossing—not by anything like that unforgettable French interior at the

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breakfast hour, in which every fact of the breakfast table, from the napkins in their rings to the grapes for dessert, every fact in the family group from the baby in its chair to the *bonne* in her cap, is set down on the canvas with the painstaking fidelity, the uncompromising accuracy, of a description in words by Zola; a "human document," if ever there was one. There are, however, paintings of a fairly (if not quite) early period, before which the critic who has been pleased to think Monet cannot draw, must find himself silenced forever. One of these is a study of "Pheasants," from M. Durand-Ruel's dining-room, the birds drawn with a skill I thought no modern, except Manet, had ever attained; the plumage, the color, the play of light on the feathers, the white tumbled cloth over the table where they lie—all these things rendered as only a master could render them, and all kept in such perfect tone that out of such very simple materials a pictorial whole, splendid in its beauty, has been created. Really, I have never seen anything of Monet's I thought so masterly. After this, it is easy to follow him from the canvases, like the Gare St.-Lazare, with its effect of sun and smoke, and the Vétheuil and Argenteuil, in which he still seems conscious of the beauty of line, the importance of design, down to examples of the famous haystack and Rouen Cathedral series, in which he disdains everything save the passing effect. I admit he gets this effect in a very astonishing manner. But I cannot help feeling again at the Grafton Gallery as I felt at the Paris Exposition in 1900, that something had been lost, something sacrificed, by his indifference to everything but the momentary phases, the ephemeral changes of atmosphere and light. If nature, to which the painter has made his vows, is at the trouble to arrange a picture for him, well and good; if not, it makes no difference. He is satisfied with nature, whatever may be the mood or the aspect. And yet art would not be art were it not above and beyond nature.

This haphazard selection of motives—or, rather, this absolute non-selection—leads to more unfortunate results in the lesser men of the group. Not one of them (to me, anyway) illustrates so well the snares and pitfalls of what has come to be called impressionism, as Renoir. Every distinction has been shown to him here. Almost sixty of his studies and pictures have been hung, and well hung. Some are as well-known as the often-reproduced picture of a man and woman in a box at the theatre; others, probably, have never been publicly exhibited before. But a smaller series would have done him more honor. For, while one comes upon exquisite passages—the painting of the nude in sunlight, a child's face in profile, a cat on a woman's lap, flowers, or fruit—one comes as often upon passages discouragingly vulgar, Nature having her vulgar moods, which it should be the business of the artist to correct, which he does correct when he is not as confused and blinded by his theories, as completely a slave to them, as Renoir. I think the same is true of Sisley and Pissarro, though less obvious in the case of Pissarro, who found his most sympathetic subjects in the streets of Paris, a city which seldom fails to offer a composition, made to the painter's hand. Cézanne's pictures are few, and, with the exception of his still-lifes, do not prepare one to accept him altogether as unreservedly as the most devoted of his following. As for Madame Morisot, as now seen, she calls for little reserve in one's tribute to her. She places a model before the mirror at a not very interesting moment of the toilet, or a sitter doing nothing at all in a garden, and her color is so delicate, her values so right, that one sees only the tender harmony of grays or pale golds. And if her little marines point without mistake to their origin in Manet, they are the work of an intelligent pupil. Few other women who have ventured to practise an art for which their sex seems to disqualify them, can approach her. N. N.

Correspondence.

THE EXCHANGE OF PROFESSORS BETWEEN AMERICA AND GERMANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The widespread interest aroused by the German Emperor's plan to bring about a systematic exchange of professors between German and American universities makes it seem desirable to point out the intimate connection which exists between this project and the beginnings of the Germanic Museum of Harvard University.

In March, 1901, as a result of the Emperor's magnanimous initiative in donating to the Museum a superb collection of casts of monumental German sculptures, there was held in the Royal Museum of Arts and Crafts at Berlin a meeting to consider ways and means of furthering the propaganda for the Germanic Museum throughout Germany. (One result of these deliberations, it may be said in parenthesis, has been the splendid collection of reproductions of ancient German gold and silverware which, as a gift of the German people, now constitutes one of the finest treasures of our Museum, having formed during the last year a conspicuous part of the German industrial exhibit at St. Louis.) The meeting was attended by Dr. Althoff, commissioner-general of the Prussian universities; Dr. Schöne, director-general of the Prussian museums; Dr. Lessing, director of the Museum of Arts and Crafts; Professors Harnack, Paulsen, Brandl, Erich Schmidt, Wölfflin of Berlin University; Ernst von Wildenbruch, the author; Rudolf Siemering, the sculptor; Arthur Gwinner, director of the Deutsche Bank, and other men eminent in Berlin public life, together with a representative of Harvard University. The scope and the aims of our proposed museum were set forth before this assembly, the fact was emphasized that it was designed not only as a storehouse of typical productions of the Germanic past, but also, in accordance with the well-known intentions of the Emperor, as a connecting link between modern Germany and modern America; and the hope was expressed that it would ultimately develop into an institution to which German professors might be called to lecture to Harvard students on German history, literature, art, and thought. This meeting was followed, during the next few weeks, by repeated conferences with Dr. Althoff, in the course of which this able, progressive, and far-sighted administrator evinced the greatest readiness to enter into arrangements which would make the carrying out of these international plans possible. The upshot of these conferences was the draft of a provisional agreement between the Prussian Government and Harvard University, according to which, for a period of five successive years, an exchange of professors between Harvard and Berlin University was to be instituted, in such a manner that every year one member of each of the two institutions would enter for at least three months the regular teaching staff of the other institution; it being understood that in each case the visiting member represent subjects or methods distinctly peculiar to his country. This scheme, which met with the hearty support of President Eliot, was discussed and approved a year later by the Harvard faculty, and reached its consummation a few months ago when, through the intercession of Professor Harnack, an official proposition embodying it was made by the Prussian Government and adopted by the same.

It is most fortunate that the German Emperor, with his quick grasp of international relations and his deep sympathy for the American people, has now given to this whole subject a much wider scope by proposing to extend the exchange of professors to other universities in America and Germany; for it seems as though such a measure could not fail to open the way toward a veritable fraternization of the moral, intellectual, and industrial leaders of both nations.

Is not this the time for Americans to bestow renewed interest and effective support upon that American institution of learning which was the first to attract the friendly attention both of the German Emperor and the German people, and which was chiefly instrumental in furthering the plan of an international exchange of scholars that now has come to be a fact? The splendid gifts of the German Emperor and the German people to the Germanic Museum of Harvard University are still housed in a manner entirely unbecoming their intrinsic beauty and their historical significance. May we not hope that, before the first representative of Berlin University arrives to take up his duties as professor at Harvard University, there will have been brought together sufficient means to give a worthy background to the noble representatives of the German past now so inadequately sheltered? Kuno Francke.

Cambridge, February 2, 1905.

AN OLD JOE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following squib on the notorious relation between Pope and (William) Broome in the translation of the Odyssey,—

"Pope came off clean with Homer; but they say
Broome went before and kindly swept the way,"—

is, in the Dictionary of National Biography, *sub* Broome, vi. 442*a*, attributed to Henley. Yet the pun on broom and sweeping antedates by many years Pope's birth. In classifying the contents of the (Old) Shakspere Society volumes I have just come across a paper by Halliwell, in volume iii. of the Society's Papers, 1847, pp. 172-174. Halliwell is quoting from "a very scarce little volume, entitled 'Choyce Drollery, &c.,'" London, 1656. Evidently the 'Choyce Droll-

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ery' is a fire of squibs upon the poets of the early seventeenth century, and must have existed long before its publication. At page 173 we may read:

"Of these sad poets, this way ran the stream,
And Decker followed after in a dream;
Rounce, Robble, Hobble, he that writ so high big,
Basse for a ballad, John Shank for a jig;
Sent by Ben Johnson, as some authors say,
Broom went before, and kindly swept the way:
Old Chaucer welcomes them unto the green,
And Spencer brings them to the Fairy Queen."

The italics are mine; the spellings Johnson and Spencer are part and parcel of the Drollery. It seems, then, that the collaboration of Ben Jonson and Richard Brome was duly "embalmed" a century, perhaps, before Pope's Odyssey. What a pity that Pope should have been unaware of the existence of the Drollery!

J. M. HART.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, January 26, 1905.

THE FIRST EDITION OF 'PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Adding to the information given by your correspondent, Mr. Victor H. Paltsits, on the first edition of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' I wish to say that six copies in all are known to exist. Of these I believe only two are perfect, and one of them is in the British Museum. The trustees of the famous English institution bought their copy at a bargain price, since the only perfect copy ever offered at auction realized £1,475.

Imperfect copies are generally deficient in the title-page. It may interest your readers to reproduce the photographed "process reproduction" I enclose, obtained from a London bookseller's catalogue.

Yours faithfully, TEMPLE SCOTT.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 4, 1905.

Notes.

The Baker & Taylor Co. announce 'Power and Health through Progressive Exercises,' by George Elliott Flint.

'The Wives of Henry VIII.' is the title of a new work, by Martin Hume, to be published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston, will soon issue 'The Fair Land Tyrol,' by W. D. MacCrackan.

'The Elements of Railway Economics,' by W. M. Acworth, is set down for speedy publication by the Oxford University Press (H. Frowde).

In commenting upon the recent sumptuous American edition of Mackail's translation of Virgil's Georgics, we overlooked the fact that a very neat edition of the same translation had been put upon the American market five years before, by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland. This is in two dainty volumes, each with a finely executed photogravure frontispiece and appropriately decorated margins, and is printed on handmade Van Gelder paper. Any genuine lover of the poem and its author would delight to have it on his table or in his pocket, and the price is so low that no one need deny himself that pleasure. There is a prefatory note transferred from Mackail's 'Latin Literature,' and Dryden's summaries stand at the head of the several divisions of the poem.

By a notable coincidence, Ginn & Co., Boston, have issued 'Selected Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning,' edited by Elizabeth Lee, while the Clarendon Press (H. Frowde) at the same time issues a 16mo edition of Mrs. Browning's complete works, and, in the "Oxford Miniature Edition," 'Casa Guidi Windows, and Other Poems [not included in a preceding complementary volume, "Aurora Leigh, and Other Poems"].' Both these English editions are on the famous thin paper by resort to which, while still using a clear type, the Press contrives to disguise the bulkiness of the poetic output. The 'Casa Guidi' has for frontispiece a copy of the portrait by Gordigiani, and this is much the least distressing and most attractive of any of Mrs. Browning known to us. The "Oxford Complete Edition" gives the cadaverous face drawn by Talfourd, and this is made worse by copying in the Ginn edition. Miss Lee's introduction ends with a chronological table of Mrs. Browning's life and works, set over against the events and the literature of her time. "In her sonnets all is perfection," writes Miss Lee; but we think she had better have omitted that ominously entitled "Insufficiency," as not helpful to her contention in any particular that makes for greatness in a sonnet.

A companion edition to the larger Oxford mentioned above is 'Poems of Tennyson'; not all, but including 'The Princess,' 'In Memoriam,' 'Maude,' 'Idylls of the King,' and many shorter pieces, filling 632 pages and yet not exceeding in thickness 200 on ordinary paper, and the letterpress generous to the eyes.

Very timely is the Clarendon Press extract from Thiers's 'Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire' (Vol. XIV.), 'The Moscow Expedition,' edited by Hereford B. George. This scholar repairs a fundamental defect in Thiers's great work, the withholding of "references whereby his accuracy may be tested," by supplying (at the end) notes explicatory and critical. The campaign is presented in the middle, *i. e.*, with the battle of Borodino, and we can counsel any one with a knowledge of French to compare this narrative carefully with Tolstoy's picture in 'War and Peace.' The accompanying maps will serve for either work. On these alone, Mr. George reminds us, the translation of Russian proper names will be found consistent. He supplies further an index of persons and a geographical index. The aim of this reprint is as much literary as historical.

The sister University Press of Cambridge (New York: Macmillan) adds to its "Cambridge English Classics" the 'English Works of Roger Ascham,' edited by William Aldis Wright. These embrace "Toxophilus," "Report of the Affaires and State of Germany," and "The Scholemaster," all posthumous except the first (1545). Mr. Wright's task has been to ensure the purity of the text. At the close he groups together the errata designated in the original copies, so far as they are misleading, having mended them in their respective places. Printers' errors have been rectified without recording them. The curious and readable part of this collection is in the teaching of bow-shooting; the immortal part lies in the chapters on education.

Prof. Herman Harrell Horne's 'Philosophy of Education' (Macmillan Co.) is said to be an application of "idealistic theism," which in this case seems to mean a Hegelian idealism. But nobody need be deterred from reading the book because high philosophy is distasteful to him, for there is little more than a slight flavor of it. Its chapters, except an introductory one on the Field of Education, are respectively entitled: The Biological, the Physiological, the Sociological, the Psychological, and the Philosophical Aspect of Education, the last filling one-ninth of its pages only. One perceives that the book was originally a course of lectures that were easily listened to, and from which one would carry away many interesting scraps. In short, it is pleasant reading, and far from heavy. It has an agreeable dress, and is furnished with a good index, much wanted in a volume of which so many paragraphs will be recalled. It is not a work to excite any violent protest or objection. The author's admirations are many and warm, and the preface couples President Eliot and Socrates.

'The Lands of Rhode Island as they were known to Caunounicus and Miantunnomu' is the title of a book of about 300 pages, written and published by Sidney S. Rider of Providence. The volume begins with a chapter upon the characteristics of the Narragansetts, drawn chiefly from Roger Williams's 'Key.' This is followed by a study of the acquisition of the Indian lands, with their subsequent division into towns and counties, and a discussion of the alleged forgery of the original Providence deed. The latter is in reaffirmation of Mr. Rider's forgery claim advanced in his "Historical Tracts," second series, No. 4, in 1896, and answered in the same year by Mr. George T. Paine. The larger and more valuable portion of the volume is taken up with a series of historical notes upon early Indian localities in Rhode Island, accompanied by a map. Many of the longer notes are reprinted from previous articles in Mr. Rider's *Book Notes;* and those upon the Island of Narragansett, the Hill of Notaquonckanet, Queen's Fort, and the Island of Quetenis, are especially excellent. The references to printed sources seem in the main to be correct. On page 253 Mr. Rider curiously misreads the meaning of the old English word "against," or "opposite," and hence falls into confusion in locating Solitary Hill. Although the book is a contribution to local history, it is unfortunate that the author could not have made more research into manuscript sources. It seems odd, moreover, in these days of scholarly book-making, that the notes upon localities were not arranged in alphabetical order, and that the volume was not provided with an index.

The record of the Fifty-fifth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, entitled 'Trials and Triumphs' (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.), has many meritorious features. Inasmuch as the regiment was formed in Huron County, a portion of the Western Reserve, the reproduction of eighty or more portraits of members of the command, with a truly democratic inclusiveness of non-commissioned officers and privates by the side of the field and company officers, will afford the future student of the constitution of our American population of the war period some interesting specimens of typical faces, mostly of the Saxon stock—provided (and this is an

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important contingency) the paper of the present day lasts sufficiently long to be available for the ethnologist. The reproducing process, indeed, gives the faces a somewhat wooden look, a result helped by the primitive photography of forty years ago; yet these are a sturdy, intelligent company, excellently illustrative of the main stuff of the Union armies. There are several maps, slight but sufficient; and the different chapters, each contributed by some member of the editorial committee of which Capt. Hartwell Osborn is the chairman, have the advantage which earlier regimental histories sometimes lacked, of fitting the operations of this body into the larger record of the war as settled by accredited histories. There is a full roster of the regiment, and a complete itinerary of the wide activities of its service. Organized in October, 1861, under officers apparently without even militia experience, it had opportunities to learn the art of war in the school of hardship, and seems to have creditably acquired its lesson. From its first duties in West Virginia, it was transferred to Pope's army in the unfortunate campaign between the Potomac and the Rapidan in the summer of 1862. It was with the Eleventh Corps in the disaster of that organization at Chancellorsville; and at Gettysburg it was posted at the salient of Cemetery Hill, near whose foot its monument has been placed. It went with Hooker to Tennessee with the troops from the Army of the Potomac who, later, constituted the Twentieth Army Corps under Sherman. It bore a part in the capture of Atlanta and in the march through Georgia and the Carolinas. Thus its record presents a good picture of the most stirring events of the war, East and West.

The *Library Journal* for January announces a lowering of its price in connection with its abandonment of its *Literary News* book supplement. Mr. Fletcher's *Library Index*, a monthly publication on the lines of Poole, also dates from the first of the year.

The *Cumulative Book Review Digest*, monthly, is projected for issue directly by the H. W. Wilson Co., of Minneapolis, publishers of the *Cumulative Book Index* and the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*. Its purpose is "to furnish librarians and bookdealers with an up-to-date and reliable means of securing the evaluation of books as they are published."

The annual list of the important additions to the Boston Public Library during the past year is substantially the same in size and make-up as those of previous years. The titles are entered under twenty-three main heads, with numerous subdivisions. In view of this fact, an alphabetical index of authors and subjects would be of great assistance. Some books are hard to find through ignorance of the heading under which to look for them. Beveridge's 'Russian Advance,' for instance, is not to be found under "Russia," but under "Asia, The Orient: Eastern Question."

The intimate connection of intelligent missionary work with the material development of a half-civilized people is shown in a recent report of our consul at Harput, Mr. T. H. Norton. He says of the American missionaries in his district that, "in a thousand ways, they are raising the standards of morality, of intelligence, of education, of material well-being, and of industrial enterprise. Directly or indirectly, every phase of their work is rapidly paving the way for American commerce." The "almost incalculable" influence of the twelve doctors leads him to ask "if there are not equally capable young American business men, animated with the same ideals as these physicians, ready to enter upon a commercial life in the Orient? The influence of an upright, straightforward, energetic American merchant would count for almost as much, in the way of moral leaven, in the business circles of an Oriental city or province as would that of a physician in its family life."

The literary and academic world of Germany proposes to celebrate the centennial of Schiller's death, on the 9th of May of the current year, on a grand scale. The Schwäbischer Schiller-Verein of Stuttgart will popularize his works in an unprecedented manner, by publishing an edition of his Poems and Dramas at the nominal price of one mark. This edition, running into the tens of thousands, will not come into the book trade, but will be sold only from the headquarters of the Verein. Schiller having been born in Würtemberg, the celebration of his centennial is regarded in Stuttgart as a patriotic duty. A number of universities have already announced special celebrations on the above date, especially Strassburg and Tübingen. No doubt the leading celebration will be held in Jena, where Schiller was for years professor of history.

—Henry Loomis Nelson opens the February *Harper's* with a sketch of the heroic struggles and recurring disappointments of La Salle until the bullets of ambushed assassins ended his unfinished career. In addition to two colored plates by Pyle, Moll's interesting map of the Great Lake region, 1720, is reproduced, together with a copperplate portrait of La Salle by Van der Guch, 1698, and a print from Hennepin's "Découverte," representing the building of the *Griffon*. John Burroughs returns once more to his battle against the untrained nature romancers who imagine themselves a new school of naturalists, but befogs the issue, and comes perilously near losing his bearings in a theoretical attempt to prove that animals do not "think." Professor Rutherford of McGill University considers radium as the possible source of the earth's heat, both directly and from the sun, with the encouraging conclusion that Lord Kelvin's estimate of five or six million years for the duration of the effective energy of the sun may be multiplied by one hundred. One is reminded of Cato's words in the 'De Senectute' as to the retention of conscious existence beyond the grave: "Yet if I am mistaken in this . . . I have no fear that dead philosophers will laugh at my mistake." W. S. Harwood keeps nearer to the earth and the present day in presenting some results of recent marine biological researches, those explorations *in minimis* that must occupy the La Salles of to-day, now that the "raw material" for the older style of adventure is so nearly exhausted. The Easy Chair has its say on the marriage question, taking the very conservative ground that, with all its faults—or, rather, the faults of those who marry—there is really no thinkable substitute for the institution substantially as we have it, and that marriage and more of it is the inevitable outcome of every assault upon it. Therefore, the one practical problem is, how to make it tolerable in cases where it cannot be positively happy.

—The second of Mr. Vanderlip's papers in *Scribner's*, on European political problems, deals with the recent growth of Socialism. Everywhere, he thinks, the present tendency of the Socialist movement is to recoil from the extremes of its most radical element, and throw its strength into demands which it may reasonably hope to see granted without waiting for the acceptance of its entire programme. Thus the chances are, in his opinion, that much of real good will be secured, with no great danger of violent revolution. John Corbin writes in a somewhat discouraged strain of theatrical conditions in New York. His suggestion for improvement is the old one of a subsidized theatre, free from the influences which corrupt existing institutions. Full confidence is expressed in the existence of a constituency which would support a theatrical institution of real worth, if only that constituency could be effectively organized. Just what the nature of the organization should be, in order to maintain the standard desired, we are not told. One could hardly feel assured that a theatre under municipal control would be held to the proper level.

—Edward Stanwood opens the *Atlantic* with a paper on the present predicament of the Democratic party. The two parties, he holds, have essentially reversed their positions since 1860, the Republicans having become conservative and the Democrats radical; the latter party, however, containing so large a conservative element as to thwart any effective party action. The discussion is marred by Mr. Stanwood's failure to use the terms conservative and radical with reference to any fixed standard. Any attempt to apply such a standard would have made it impossible to characterize as essentially conservative the party responsible for the many aberrations from traditional policy which have grown out of the Spanish war, and the various expedients by which apparent constitutional checks to these aberrations have been avoided. As a matter of fact, the chaos which Mr. Stanwood rightly detects in a party that contains a Bryan and a Cleveland, is not essentially so very different from that which is potentially present in a party embracing at once an Aldrich and a Roosevelt. James Schouler contributes a paper on the Jackson and Van Buren manuscripts which have recently been acquired by the Library of Congress. In the Van Buren collection, though smaller in bulk, he finds much more material of permanent value. The general tendency of it is to support the more favorable view of Mr. Van Buren's character and ability which one finds first adequately expressed in Mr. E. M. Shepard's admirable biography. From Dr. William Everett we have a study of six different dramatic presentations of the story of Cleopatra, beginning with Shakspere and ending with Madame Émile de Girardin.

—The letter P, in the instalment "Pargeter-Pennached" of the Oxford English Dictionary (Henry Frowde), maintains its promise as most outlandish. "Of the 2,477 main words, only *two* have any claim to be considered native in Old English, viz.,

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Parrock and *Path*." This fits well with such extraordinary diversity of spellings as is shown in the case of Parsley, Parsnip, and Partridge. The orthography of Parsimony is not quite fixed—as, in France, the French Academy exchanged the classical *s* which it had sanctioned in 1798 for *c* in 1835. By Johnson's time, Partage, which had been early naturalized, took out French papers again, and its *g* is now pronounced in the French fashion, with corresponding stress on the last syllable. So Parvenu is set down as French, still; but, as we have Parvenudom, why should not the derivative anglicize the root-word? Analogically, Quixotic is our justification for abandoning the Spanish pronunciation of Quixote. We should have been glad to find Parlement in its alphabetical place, either as a French or as an English word. In the remarkable historical article on Parliament the French form is considered in connection with foreign usage, and there is a quotation from Morley's 'Critical Miscellanies': "The parlement took up their judicial arms," etc., which would have warranted the entrance of this vocable in the Dictionary —all the more because it saves the English mind from confusing two distinct bodies. The quotations in support of the sense equivalent to Italian *parlamento* are confined to Florence; but this "meeting of all the men of a state capable of bearing arms," this "solemn Parliament held in the Piazza," was of course known elsewhere: see Carducci's rugged stanzas, "Il Parlamento," that, namely, before the battle of Legnano in 1176:

"'I milanesi tenner parlamento
Al sol di maggio.
. . . . . .
" 'A lancia e spada,' tona il parlamento,
'A lancia e spada, il Barbarossa, in campo.' "

—Ever and anon Dr. Murray has to criticise Continental lexicography in view of English experience of the history of words borrowed more or less immediately from across the Channel. He does so now in the instance of Patchouli, which Hatzfeld-Darmesteter suggests may be a phonetic disfigurement of the English Patch-leaf; but the word occurs (by way of the East) in English literature as early as 1851, while Littré pronounced it for France a neologism in 1875. Littré also stamps *passe-garde* as a neologism of the nineteenth century, so that though it agrees in form with our spelling of Pass-guard, it may not be regarded as begetting our English word of the sixteenth. French idiom must needs understand by this compound 'that which is used to pass a guard'; the English compound naturally signifies 'the guard of a pass.' The verb Partake is a "back-formation" from Partaker (part-taker). "As a direct formation, a verb *part-take* would have been against English idiom"—whereas our German cousins make no bones of *teilnehmen* (any more than we do of *participate*). There is a considerable list of Americanisms, such as Parietal (in the Harvard sense), Parish (the church body or congregation, and a county), Park (in the Yellowstone and Colorado senses), Parking (the treatment of avenues with green strips in the middle), Parterre (the floor under the theatre gallery), Pass (as, a dividend); together with some pronunciations. Perhaps we might have looked for the insertion of Parrott, a gun much in evidence during our civil-war period. We can do no more than refer to the interesting discussions under Pasha (bashaw), Pasquin and Pasquinade, and to the great rubric Pass. We will end by remarking that while this Dictionary is the product of thousands of readers noting the date of appearance and shades of meaning of English words and phrases, it is itself a quarry inexhaustible for subsidiary illustrations. Emerson, for example, is quoted for the sake of Parliamentary, and on that we fix our main gaze; but a side-glance shows in the same connection our common friend "the man in the street" (1854), now passing his half-century. Who can be sure that this phrase will not fall between "Man" and "Street" in the Dictionary and be lost to the investigator of its origin and antiquity, or be cited with a much posterior date?

—The new edition of Sir George Webb Dasent's 'Popular Tales from the Norse' (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is the third edition of a book published for the first time as far back as 1859. Years, however, count for nothing in tales of the character of those which the volume contains, and these in particular, because of their manner and matter, are as fresh as on the day when they were first given in English garb. The book contains, besides the "Tales," the Introduction of the original edition, which considers broadly the origin and diffusion of folk-tales in general, and of the Norse popular tales in particular. The "Introduction" is one of the notable contributions which the author made to the English literature on Northern subjects. Like the introduction to his own translation of the Njal's Saga, and the memorable essay on the "Norsemen in Iceland," contained in the 'Oxford Essays for 1858,' it not only is characterized, as, in fact, all of Dasent's writing in this field is, by a scholarship rarely sympathetic in its insight, but also, like the rest, it is a superb piece of English prose. Some of its opinions, in the light of more recent knowledge, doubtless need restating, but fifty years have by no means superseded it, and in the main it might well have been written to-day. A new part of the book is a memoir of the author by his son, Arthur Irwin Dasent, who gives an account of his father's career from the time of his birth, on the island of St. Vincent, in 1817, to his death in England, in 1896. It is the story of an extraordinarily full and busy life, and a typically English record, at the same time, of recognition and merited reward. Dasent began his life in England as a lad in Westminster School, passing thence to King's College, London, and then to Magdalen College, Oxford. Subsequently, he was secretary of legation in Stockholm, where he acquired that intimate knowledge of Scandinavia and developed that love of its literature with which his name is lastingly connected. For twenty-five years he was associate editor of the London *Times*: he became, in 1852, an advocate in Doctors' Commons; the year after, he was appointed professor of English literature and modern history at King's College; the later years of his life were spent as the official head of the Civil Service Commission. On the recommendation of Disraeli, he was knighted, in 1876, "for public services." 'Tales from the Norse,' it is not an exaggeration to say, has become an English classic. Dasent was a rare translator. In point of fact, it is difficult to realize, from the present form of these stories, that they have been translated at all from a foreign medium. Their popular environment has left but little trace of the immediate soil that produced them, which is inherently the same in England and in Norway, and the underlying beliefs and natural habits of thought are essentially the same. There is, however, in these translations more than a mere transference of form, to which the material readily lent itself because of its content. Scarcely a writer of recent time has been the possessor of such an English vocabulary or the master of such an English style. Dasent's 'Tales' are in this way not only a singularly remarkable instance of felicitous translation from a foreign language into our own, but are at the same time a well of English, pure and undefiled, and a model of what English prose happily may be.

—Prof. J. H. Robinson is supplementing his 'Introduction to the History of Western Europe' by a source-book entitled 'Readings in European History' (Ginn). Of the two volumes to be comprised in this work, the first has already been published, and in it will be found extracts illustrating the progress of culture from the decline of the Roman Empire to the age of Luther. As here arranged, the selections to illustrate particular points follow the subjects dealt with by Professor Robinson in the text-book already mentioned; that is to say, corresponding to each chapter of text, there is a section of sources. This feature of the editing should not, however, prove a stumbling-block to those who use the 'Readings' independently of the 'Introduction.' The subjects dealt with are so large that they must inevitably fall within the limits of any general survey. Professor Robinson served his apprenticeship as an editor in helping to issue that excellent series of "Translations and Reprints", which has for several years past been published at intervals by the University of Pennsylvania. The dedication of the present book to Professors Cheyney and Munro thus recalls a pleasant association which has also proved serviceable to many teachers in all parts of the country. Concerning the selections brought together in the present volume, it may be said that each emphasizes a striking phase of historical development, although at times the passages required for purposes of demonstration make it necessary to exclude some documents which are perhaps more celebrated than those inserted. In our opinion, the most successful feature of the work is its bibliographical apparatus. Appended to every chapter there is a classified bibliography arranged under the three heads of "references," "additional readings in English," and "materials for advanced study." Much care has evidently been taken with the preparation of these lists, and, graded as they are, they have a most practical character. Of the selections themselves, the best are those which relate to mediæval institutions, while the least satisfactory are those that bear on the Renaissance. But, when making this discrimination, we must be careful to give all portions of the book credit for drawing their materials from sources of a high order.

—The December, 1904, number of the Madrid review, *Nuestro Tiempo*, which is under the directorship of Salvador Canals,

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and which represents the best of modern Spanish thought, begins the publication of what promises to be an important series of articles on "The Life and Writings of Dr. José Rizal," which should be of especial interest to Americans. They are by W. E. Retana, the well-known Philippine bibliographer and copious writer on the Philippines, who has made an extensive collection of documents written by Rizal and documents regarding that Filipino patriot and martyr, whose influence after death transcends that when living. It is Sr. Retana's intention to let these documents speak of Rizal, rather than to attempt a full and connected life, for which he lacks time. The initial article takes us through the first twenty-one years of Rizal's life until 1882, when he was about to start for Spain. We see him as an earnest, studious youth, precocious beyond his years, at the head of all his classes, already a poet, and soon to manifest the true artist mind. A poetic drama written when Rizal was but thirteen years old, and called "Near the Pasig," is given—a fantastic religious poem that seems beyond the lad's age, and causes one to wonder whether some priestly supervision was not given to it. His poem "To the Filipino Youth," which exhibits great poetic feeling, is also reproduced. Retana tries to prove that the thought of Filipino independence was uppermost in Rizal's mind even when a boy, but this might easily be debated. Careful reference is made to the sources used in the compilation. Two, of especial interest, are the private notebooks of Rizal, which are now in the possession of Mr. E. E. Ayer of Chicago.

EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones. By G. B.-J. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

It rarely happens that the record of a great man's life is written by one who has been in full sympathy with him, or who has taken part in it; general opinion, even, is rather against a man's widow being the most competent person to write his biography. There are exceptions, however, to every rule, and we claim the exception for Lady Burne-Jones's two interesting volumes of Burne-Jones Memorials. Sir Edward Burne-Jones considered that biography had little to do for the artist or for the poet—their work should tell of them all that concerns the public. In later years, however, he knew that his life would inevitably have to be written, and he expressed to his wife the wish that she should do it—"*for you know,*" he said. Lady Burne-Jones seems especially endowed with the qualities needed for the task; she writes with convincing sincerity and a sense of humor, and has the gift of literary style. She has wisely avoided any artistic appreciation of her husband's work as a painter, but has taken great pains to collect all the facts relating to his family, its origin, his education and early tendencies, his friendships and ideas, often quoting his own words from letters to friends. Her readers cannot fail to get a vivid impression of Burne-Jones's fascinating personality, and to understand what Lowell meant when he said that, even without his pictures, Burne-Jones was one of the most remarkable men of our time.

Edward Coley Burne-Jones was born in 1833 at Birmingham. His mother died a week after his birth, and the grief of her loss made it impossible for some years for the father to take any pleasure in his child. Edward Richard Jones was a carver and gilder by profession; his business was never flourishing, and he worked hard early and late so that his young son should have every advantage. Some friends of his mother's had found a competent person to take charge of the young child and the neglected home—a Miss Sampson, who became a devoted foster-mother to the delicate child, and did all her limitations allowed of for his welfare. The home, 11 Bennett's Hill, being in the city, his father used to send him in the summer with Miss Sampson to stay at farmhouses in the neighboring villages, so that he should have the advantage of country air. His earliest friends were the children of a Jewish family living in the neighboring house; they were his constant playmates, regarding him as one of themselves. He even participated in all their religious festivals; he was dressed up with the other children for the Feast of Purim. In company with these friends he sometimes went to the seaside at Blackpool, near Liverpool. Among Burne-Jones's earliest recollections was the day of the Queen's coronation; he was then four, and was taken to the Town Hall "to see where the poor folk were going to be feasted," amid "a general sound of happiness in the air and the ringing of bells." He was also "allowed to wave a banner in the air in front of the house, and that gave me more happiness, I think, than anything that has happened to me ever since," he writes in 1873 to a friend.

It was a Mr. Caswell who first noted the child's inclination for drawing. He and his wife were friends of his father, and used often to have the boy to stay with them at their home in the country outside Birmingham. Mrs. Caswell's garden, with its fruit-trees and sweet-smelling flowers, were always among his most cherished remembrances. Mr. Caswell lent him engravings to copy. One of these attempts at the age of seven still exists, of a group of deer. Mr. Caswell had written his comment across the sky, a deed which caused the greatest resentment at the time in the child's mind. Lady Burne-Jones writes:

"About this early habit of drawing we have his own words recorded by a friend, an artist, who, talking to him of David Copperfield and his neglected childhood, remarked in passing that he himself never remembered feeling unhappy when he was left alone. 'Ah,' said Edward, 'that was because you could draw. It was the same with me. I was always drawing. Unmothered, with a sad papa, without sister or brother, always alone, I was never unhappy because I was always drawing. And when I think of what made the essence of a picture to me in those days, it's wonderful how little I have stirred. I couldn't draw people, of course, but I never failed to draw mountains at the back of everything, just as I do now, though I had never seen one.'"

It was at the age of eleven that Burne-Jones was sent to King Edward's School, within an easy distance of his father's house. He was placed in the commercial department, where no Greek was taught, only Latin; his father evidently intending to fit him for a business career. He took rather a low place for a boy of eleven, but he was twice promoted during the first six months, and by June, 1847, he was in the first class, where he remained to the end of his term. During the last half-year he was Caput of the English school. By the advice of the headmaster it was decided that Edward Burne-Jones should pass on to the Classical school, and go to Oxford later; but there exists no evidence that his masters saw any special gifts in the lad. His natural destination seemed the Church. He got gradually drawn into the High Church movement on account of the barren ugliness of the evangelical services he had been brought up to follow. He had occasion to stay with friends near Hereford Cathedral, and delighted in its services. There, too, he became intimate with the Rev. John Goss, a minor canon of very advanced High Church proclivities. He it was who advised Edward Burne-Jones to enter his name for Exeter College, Oxford. He had come under the influence of Newman's writings two years previous to this; they had a hold on him all his life, teaching him indifference to luxury and worldly advantages. Writing of Newman, he says: "So he stands to me as a great image or symbol of a man who never stooped, and who put all this world's life in one splendid venture, which he knew, as well as you or I, might fail, but with a glorious scorn of everything that was not his dream."

Difficult as it may seem for a woman to describe college life, our author gives us a very interesting account of those years at Oxford. She has been aided here by the note-books of Burne-Jones's chums, besides his own, which he seems to have kept with sufficient regularity. His letters home also have helped to reconstruct this period. We get to know the knot of friends who remained intimate with him all his life, so faithfully does Lady Burne-Jones seek to give their separate individuality. It is this ungrudging amount of detail that makes the book such good reading. Burne-Jones entered the University full of enthusiasm, expecting to find help and strength to fit him for the clerical career he had in view, but to his utter disappointment he found extreme indifference to religious questions, notwithstanding the crisis the Church had so recently passed through. At Exeter College he found himself among strangers, but immediately made the acquaintance of William Morris. They were drawn together from the first by similarity of religious views, and by their taste for art. Morris too was preparing to enter the Church: they neither of them had anything in common with their fellow-collegians at Exeter, but there was a little colony from Birmingham at Pembroke more congenial in their aims, with whom they spent their evenings. Both Morris and Burne-Jones found the work for the schools uninteresting through the manner of teaching. They walked and read together Carlyle's 'Past and Present' and 'French Revolution,' Hallam, and Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice.' Tennyson's early works, Edgar Poe, Dickens, and, above all, Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur,' were among their favorite recreation. Morris had the custom of reading aloud to his friend while the latter drew. It was thus that in 1854 Ruskin's Edinburgh lectures became known to them on publication, and in them for the first time they heard of D. G. Rossetti and the Pre-raphaelite Brotherhood, and were filled with eagerness to see the pictures they read of.

Shortly after this the opportunity was

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forthcoming, for Millais's "Return of the Dove to the Ark" was to be seen at Wyatt's shop in the High Street, and a visit to the Royal Academy made Holman Hunt's pictures of "Awakened Conscience" and the "Light of the World" known to them. At this moment Burne-Jones was commissioned by his friend MacLaren to illustrate some ballads for a book he had written upon the fairy mythology of Europe, and he set about the work with great zest, although under difficulties; but these designs were never completed. A sample of them is given: they are full of careful detail, but singularly unlike what came to be his method of expression. They rather suggest the influence of Cruikshank. About this time Burne-Jones and Fulford (one of the Pembroke set), under the guidance of Morris, who had been abroad before, made their first tour in France, visiting Abbeville, Amiens, Beauvais, Chartres, and Paris last of all, where the Louvre pictures transported Burne-Jones with delight, while Morris felt incensed at finding the statues of Notre Dame lying in careless wreck under the porches; the secrets of "restoration" thus becoming known to him.

Meanwhile, for some time, serious doubts had disturbed both the friends as to whether they were fitted for the clerical life. Burne-Jones, owing to his sensitive, emotional nature, went through an ordeal of intense mental suffering, so that he often felt tempted to seek relief by accepting the tenets of the Roman Catholic faith, an example the guides of his election, Newman and Wilberforce, had already given him. This, however, he did not do. Morris felt very differently on those matters; devoted friends as they were all their lives, they diverged essentially on many points. They decided, after deep questioning, to devote themselves to art—Morris to become an architect, and Burne-Jones a painter. It was before their last term at Oxford, at Birmingham, where Morris went to stay with Burne-Jones, that the scheme took shape to form a magazine in which to express the principles and aims and enthusiasms of their little coterie, and for the publication of original work. Politics were to be kept in abeyance. Tales, poetry, friendly critiques, and social articles were to occupy the pages. Morris was proprietor and furnished the funds. Two of the contributors, Heeley and Vernon Lushington, were Cambridge men. The other five were Morris, Burne-Jones, Dixon, Macdonald, and Fulford. The first number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, as it was called, was sent to John Ruskin with a letter from Burne-Jones, and his delight and elation were great to receive an answer from the writer he much admired. An event which made a mark in Burne-Jones's development was seeing Rossetti's illustration to Allingham's "Maids of Elfenmere" in the 'Day and Night Songs,' which he always considered the most beautiful illustration he had ever seen, and which altered the character of his own work very essentially. His great ambition was to come face to face with the author of "The Blessed Damozel," "The Story of Chiaro," and the "Maids of Elfenmere." The manner in which this was brought about has been told already, in the lives both of Rossetti and of Morris, and of how Burne-Jones and Morris eventually gave up Oxford and came to live in London to practise painting, encouraged by Rossetti's advice and the generous interest he took in their progress.

It was at the age of twenty-three, when most painters have mastered the mechanical part of their craft, that Burne-Jones seriously gave all his attention to art, and set to work with untiring industry and application to make up for lost time. He had all the more reason for doing so in that he had just become engaged to Miss Georgina Macdonald, daughter of a Methodist minister, the lady who has written this book. The story of the courtship is told with great simplicity and feeling; throughout the book all intimate episodes are related with convincing truthfulness, which greatly enhance the value of the 'Memorials' as a human document. When the engagement took place, Georgina Macdonald was not yet sixteen. She had been brought up in the strict Methodist creed. She says: "I had no idea of what the profession of an artist meant, but felt that it was well to be among those who painted pictures and who wrote poetry." Rossetti did his utmost to procure remunerative work for Burne-Jones and to help him on in every way with counsel and cheer. Writing about him years afterwards, Burne-Jones says: 'Towards other men's ideas, he was decidedly the most generous man I ever knew. No one so threw himself into what other men did—it was part of his enormous imagination. The praises he at first lavished on me, if I had not had a few grains of inborn modesty, would have been enough to turn my head altogether." The story of the decoration of the Oxford Union Debating-room, undertaken by Rossetti and the friends he had chosen to help him, has been told before, but Lady Burne-Jones gives it with infinite life and humor, so that one gets an insight into the wonderful power and fascination which Rossetti exercised over his worshippers, as well as of his inability to conform to the conventionalities of the place.

With all the work going on, there was always an undercurrent of fun, and the humorous side was kept well to the fore. The painters were supremely happy when left to their own devices; polite invitations to dinner were their only trouble, but these were often eluded in various ways. What we learn of Rossetti through the medium of Burne-Jones's note-book and the author's own memories of him, shows the genial side of his character, not visible to those who knew him in later years when suffering from mental disorder, and so little revealed by his brother in his numerous publications. Here we have Rossetti in the full swing of artistic strength and activity, with will-power enough to inspire those around him with courage to undertake and achieve. Burne-Jones sums up what he learned from him in these words:

"He taught me to have no fear or shame of my own ideas, to design perpetually, to seek no popularity, to be altogether myself—and this not in any words I can remember, but in the tenor of his conversation always, and in the spirit of everything he said. I remember that he discouraged me from the study of the antique—the classical antique—giving as his reason that such study came too early in a man's life, and was apt to crush out his individuality; adding, that when a man had once found his own style, and was much older, and could front the fear of being crushed, a year or so given to such study would be an excellent thing. So what I gained chiefly from him was not to be afraid of myself, but to do the thing I liked most; but in those first years I never wanted to think but as he thought, and all he did and said fitted me through and through. He never harangued or persuaded, but had a gift of saying things authoritatively and not as the scribes, such as I had never heard in any man. And mingled with this a humor that lightened his words of all heaviness, so that I went from him cheerful and solemn. As I walked with him in the streets, I wondered what the crowd were so busy about that it could not stop to look at him. In the miserable ending years, I never forgot this image of him in his prime, and upbraided any fate that could change him."

Lady Burne-Jones has the art of showing people at their best, so that we get to know William Morris also in a more benign and genial disposition, as he was to his nearest friends.

In thinking over this life, the reader must feel how wonderfully fortunate Burne-Jones was from the moment his vocation became to him a recognized fact. Only the surroundings of his youth, so uncongenial to artistic development, could have so long retarded the discovery of his latent power. His pictures from the first bore the stamp of genius, and were admired by the greatest painters of a specially interesting moment in English art. From the public, it is true, he did not receive immediate recognition, and this was natural enough, his art being entirely exotic, deriving from the Italian Renaissance, the period he most admired, and utterly foreign to popular instincts. The best men of the time loved him and belonged to his circle; poets, politicians, and great thinkers all frequented his house. He had children he adored, and a delightful home. He had never to work under the strain of pecuniary difficulties; and, after the earnest work which occupied his best faculties, his nature renewed itself in real fun, as necessary to him as the bread of life. His fellow-painters desired to do him honor in electing him to the Royal Academy, and, later on, the Government conferred the baronetcy on him; and, best of all, he died in the fulness of his powers, still working on his favorite subject of Avalon. Surely, so fortunate a lot falls to few mortals, and its history is exceptionally interesting.

The book is illustrated by hitherto unpublished portraits of Burne-Jones, Ruskin, Morris, Rossetti, and family groups—some from pictures, and some from photographs and drawings. The text is interspersed with Burne-Jones's comic drawings and caricatures of himself and his friends, with which he used to fill his letters.

SOME RECENT BOOKS ON INDIA.

That Russia and Japan have not entirely eclipsed the more peaceful "middle Orient" may be concluded from the steady flow of books anent Persia and India. Some of the latest of these deserve for various reasons a wider recognition than that afforded by the technical reviews devoted to Orientalia. Among them, the latest volumes of the Harvard Oriental Series, though not appealing to the general public, should be mentioned, if for no other reason than to call attention to the excellent work done for Sanskrit scholarship in this slowly increasing collection. The fifth and sixth volumes, which have just appeared, contain the text of the 'Brhad Devatā,' a very ancient summary of Vedic myths, together with notes, seven-

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appendices, and a translation of the text by Professor Macdonell, Boden Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford. The work, of prime importance for students interested in this line of research, has been edited with the scrupulous care to which the American editor has accustomed those familiar with the volumes already issued in this series.

From England also (via India) comes 'A Handful of Popular Maxims,' being the third of Col. Jacob's excellent collections of proverbs, which offer much of interest to Sanskritist and layman alike. The little book is published in Bombay at the Nirnayasagar press. Sanskrit scholars should have a copy, not only to enjoy maxims already traced, but to help the author in locating the starting-point of some which have hitherto escaped the searcher of origins.

From France the first volume of the new year is the second part of the 'Conférences faites au Musée Guimet.' It contains four lectures, of which perhaps the most important is M. Philippe Berger's "Les Origines Babyloniennes de la Poésie Sacrée des Hébreux," though Sylvain Lévi's article on the transmigration of souls and Menant's "Parsisme" will be sure to find attentive readers.

Students of religious philosophy will be interested in another recent work (1905), the translation of the 'Bhagavad Gītā' by Prof. Richard Garbe, with an historical introduction which sets the date of this work (in agreement with the results attained by Professor Hopkins in his 'Great Epic') as 200 B. C. to 200 A. D., for the beginning and final revision, respectively.

Arthur Sawtell, who has before this devoted himself to some of the everyday problems of Anglo-Indian life, has just written a little book entitled 'Actual India' (London: Elliot Stock), which is designed to be "an outline for the general reader" of the problems and projects of British administration in India to-day. It is, in fact, a useful handbook, "up to date" as regards statistics, and (as regards other facts) a compilation of what one must otherwise hunt for in the voluminous works of Chesney, Hunter, and other Indologists, though it would not be fair to say that it is wholly a résumé of other books. India's government, defence, and industrial development are the chief topics treated; but the character of British influence in India and foreign politics are also considered without undue prejudice. Those inclined to see in the "Younghusband raid" a mere pretext for expansion would do well to read pages 62 ff. of this little manual, and those who are more than willing to blame England for increased cost of living in India and higher taxation should study "the significance of the figures" on page 72; the author's conclusion being that "the tendency is to greater and greater liberality in the assessment of land revenue, so that these statistics relate to conditions which are probably changing in favor of the cultivator."

Much more pretentious is the 'India' volume in the new series called "The Regions of the World," edited by H. J. Mackinder (D. Appleton & Co.). This volume is written by Col. Sir Thomas Hungerford Holdich (late superintendent, Survey of India), already known to the readers of the *Nation* through his admirable volume, 'The Indian Borderland,' reviewed in these columns four years ago. Avoiding "statistics and details," the author has here compressed into one volume an immense amount of geographical and ethnological information regarding the peninsula itself and the frontier, Baluchistan, Afghanistan, Kashmir, Assam, and Burma. To this are added chapters on the people, political geography, agriculture, revenue, railways, minerals, and climate. A general historical chapter, which is perhaps the least satisfactory, is prefixed to the whole. The most valuable part of 'India' is, of course, the geographical description, where the author is on his own ground. The literary-historical side is mortar to the bricks of the altar. A second edition should modify the extraordinary statement that Brahmanism spread over the whole of Southern India "about 2000 B. C.," to which period is also assigned the 'Ramayâna' (*sic*); change the strayed accent of "Ramayâna"; and do away with the phonetic incongruity of "Brahman" beside "Grunth" (pp. 12, 201, 210). The maps and diagrams, more than a hundred in number, are a noticeable feature of this excellent work.

Almost synchronous in appearance, and complementary in content, is 'The Early History of India' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde), by Vincent A. Smith, author of 'Asoka' in the "Rulers of India" series. This history embraces the period from 600 B. C. to the Muhammadan conquest. A few years ago it was a trite remark that India had no history. The painstaking work of the last two decades has, however, changed all that. Buddhist records and Sanskrit inscriptions have in part made good the lack of historical sense in Hindu mentality, and there is something like a chronological record even from the seventh century B. C., which is as far into the past as Greek and Roman histories can take us with assurance. There are still many disputed points, some of them involving not years, but centuries; yet scholars are gradually coming to an agreement even on these, and it will not be surprising if in a few decades historians of India will have cleared the field sufficiently to smile at the grave problems of to-day. Kālidāsa, the Hindu Shakspere, no longer swings between B. C. and A. D., but has settled into the fifth, "or possibly the fourth," century A. D. Kanishka, one of the great kings in Indian history, second in importance only to Asoka, is still throned by some scholars in 57 (*respectiv* 58) B. C., and by others in 278 A. D.; but such works as this 'Early History' do much to dispel darkness even in so black a cloud of doubt as this. Mr. Smith, on numismatic evidence backed by other lines of proof, sets the date of Kanishka's accession about 120 or 125 A. D. The absurd dates ascribed not long ago to the Purānas have already been reduced within reasonable limits. The oldest Purāna is probably the 'Vāyu,' and this is not older than the fourth century A. D. in Mr. Smith's opinion, though, as the epic knows them all, this is probably two centuries too late. No one has done more to perpetuate some of these ancient errors than Sir William Hunter, who was a great compilator, but not at all a scholar. There is naturally still plenty of room to cavil when dates are based simply on generations. For example, Mr. Smith rejects as "absolutely incredible" a dynasty of one hundred years for two generations (as with more reason he rejects one of one hundred and fifty years), whereas forty years to a generation is a "reasonable" assumption. As to that burning question in Hindu chronology, the death-date of Buddha, which Mr. Smith in his 'Asoka' set at 508 B. C., it is now placed in 487; while Asoka accedes to the throne not in 269 (as in 'Asoka') but in 272. Exception may be taken to the strange remark that the Bias river was in early days not a confluent of the Sutlej (p. 85); for the 'Rig Veda' says that one flows into the other.

For our "general reader" this is perhaps all (or more than) he will care to hear about such a recondite subject. To the classical reader, however, it will be of interest to know that a disproportionately large part of Mr. Smith's book is taken up with Alexander's campaign and the records of Megasthenes. In fact, nearly a third of the volume is occupied with Hellenic activity and influence in India, and there is nowhere so complete and vivid an account of the great campaign as is to be found in these pages. Mr. Smith accepts July, 326 B. C. as the most probable date of the battle of the Hydaspes, with Pōros, and gives good reasons for maintaining (in opposition to earlier writers) that the great battlefield was the Karrī plain, Alexander's camp being at Jihlam (Jhelum), not at Jalālpur, as Cunningham maintained. Even those not interested in India for itself cannot fail to be attracted by this chapter in the life of Alexander, which in some regards at least may be accepted by historians as a definitive statement.

Studies in Montaigne.—The Early Writings of Montaigne, and Other Papers. By Miss Grace Norton. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

These two attractive and scholarly volumes represent the results of painstaking study, for the most part along lines of investigation which the ordinary *Montaignard*, however devoted or enthusiastic, dispenses himself from travelling. In the former are contained a number of studies of a minutely critical character, dealing with almost unnoticed points of erudition bearing chiefly on possible divisions of some of the longer essays into perfectly discontinuous parts subsequently united for the sake of convenience, or perhaps because of the author's fondness for what Bacon called "dispersed meditations." To the student, much the most important of these concerns the ingenious separation of the 'Apologie de Raimond Sebond' into sections possibly composed at various times, and consequently admitting of distinct discussion; though, we may add, it is by no means proved that there is in them any fundamental discrepancy of view, philosophical or theological. This celebrated essay simply illustrates the supreme difficulty of pinning such a pliant, yet independent, mind within the narrow area of dogma and formal creed; as in the case of 'Religio Medici,' we find it possible to see chameleon-like changes in the color or intensity of religious belief, while yet recognizing the essential reverence of a pious nature. As to "The Credulity of Montaigne," which forms the subject of a brief note, it does not to us appear exceptional in the inheritors of the spirit of the Revival of Learning, for whom the testimony of antiquity was sacred. In the mat-

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ter of Montaigne's style, which, we are here told, is at times more direct in its appeal, and more readily intelligible to the English than to the supposedly typical French mind, the assertion seems difficult of reconciliation with the well-known fact that the essays have been a bedside book for countless scores of Frenchmen; it certainly offers no real difficulty to the ordinarily educated Gallic intellect, and even its *phrase ondoyante* is a constant delight. The minuteness of research in this set of studies is illustrated in the final enumeration of the principal sources of Montaigne's abundant classical quotations.

Part of the second volume reminds us of chapters in Prof. Paul Stapfer's 'La Famille et les Amis de Montaigne,' likewise composed of a set of independent talks or lectures. Miss Norton, who gives her readers a most sympathetic account of the last days of Étienne de la Boétie, devotes particular attention to Montaigne as a traveller, and to the stimulating society of writers and scholars at Bordeaux in his day. One of her most attractive conjectures suggests the possibility of meeting and intercourse between Bacon and Montaigne at Poitiers in 1577, on the strength of a fairly probable interpretation of a passage from 'Historia Vitæ et Mortis.' To Montaigne's travels in search of health Miss Norton gives one of her most entertaining essays, going over the ground with the admirable talker, and insisting with perfect judgment on the humanity and breadth of his comprehension; the judgment passed, in a brief footnote, on Mr. W. J. Waters's recent translation of the travels might bear revision.

Altogether, both sets of studies (in spite of a few inevitable repetitions) are extremely readable and suggestive; executed, too, with the patience of a devoted student, whose results, however, have not been fairly assisted by the proofreader. Indeed, Miss Norton's work is from beginning to end a direct negation to Professor Stapfer's gratuitous *boutade:* "Il n'y a vraiment aucune raison pour que les femmes se plaisent à la lecture de Montaigne; car il n'a guère dit sur leur compte que des impertinences, beaucoup d'incongruités et quelques sottises."

Japan by the Japanese: A Survey by Its Highest Authorities. Edited by Alfred Stead. Dodd, Mead & Co.

In some respects this book is unique. Probably for the first time since Japan began to have a history, the Emperor has given permission for the dedication of a book to himself. In time past his ministers have accepted handsomely bound copies of books on Japan by foreign authors, only to tear out the autographs of the donors because of critical remarks made concerning "the Tenno." The contributors to this volume are among the highest officers of the Government, including two or three premiers, and others who are or have been eminent or subordinate in the executive service. The most enjoyable papers are by native gentlemen of fine literary culture well known on three continents. The book has documents, tables and digested information of high value; and prefatory matter, appendices and carefully prepared index make it a necessity to all who would write about Japan.

Mr. Stead's preface is thoroughly characteristic; and his profound ignorance of the real significance of the work of such men as Sir Ernest Satow, Mr. William G. Aston, Prof. Basil Hall Chamberlain, and Capt. Frank Brinkley is manifest. Granted (what is self-evident) that it is, as the editor repeatedly declares, most difficult for any foreigner to speak authoritatively on Japan, yet the literature of the nation, archaic, mediæval and modern, makes no mistake and cannot possibly misrepresent. The real thoughts of the Japanese, set down during the thousand years of their thinking, give no uncertain testimony, and their literature tells far better than 'Japan by the Japanese' in 1904 what these people really think. In this volume we have a "personally conducted" author to assemble the materials with a purpose and write the prefatory label, and with the usual result. The uncritical reader sees with the glasses furnished him. Mr. Stead's book is like those on Mantchuria written a year or two ago by gentlemen who were wined, dined, and escorted over beaten tracks by their pleasant Russian hosts, the Government officers. It is certain that the elder native authors who wrote without view of the alien are more to be depended on than those of to-day, who, knowing the value of the sympathy of Great Britain and the United States, tell us in the catchwords of the present hour what we ought to believe concerning themselves and their country.

The bad proofreading and continual misspelling of Japanese names and terms are disgraceful, but may have arisen from the reported illness of the editor during the progress of the work. The internal evidence is, however, overwhelming that the translation of many, if not most, of the papers was done by a single person using the same vocabulary, coloring of ideas and phrases that are supposed to be most immediately captivating and effective. In view, however, of Mr. Stead's long paragraph about a certain work on the geisha as representative of the women of Japan, it is apparent that he imagined that the bulk of his readers were conversant chiefly with the works of Pierre Loti. Certainly, he seems to have slight knowledge of the wealth of serious works on Japan not only by aliens, but by the Japanese themselves, on the lists of American publishers and in our public and private libraries. In its cast and scope, this book seems intended mainly for the British reader. It is certainly very rich in information for the investor anxious about Japanese finances.

At first sight, the varied contents appear to defy the reviewer's efforts to do justice to the text. Yet when he has read the work entirely, as we have honestly done, the mass divides itself into the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. Most of the chapters are as dark lanterns. A few are as lamps set in a reflector or behind a Fresnel lens. At least three-fourths of the matter in this book takes its place honorably and humbly along with that in the 'Résumé Statistique' or 'Annuaire' of finance which the Imperial Government has praiseworthily issued for a decade or two of years past, and which have been duly noticed or digested in these columns. The facts and figures concerning the army, navy, revenue, taxation, and things outward and material are invaluable in their way. We refer to them only to commend. In the fifty-four pages of appendices we have the text of the Constitution of 1889 and of many of the most important Imperial ordinances.

This collection of papers is anything but monotonous in style or form. One reads almost with an electric tingle the criticisms of Count Inouyé and Baron Shibusawa. For thirty years these two men have been unflinching and thorough in probing the weak spots in the national character and of the old haphazard methods of finance, cheerfully bearing abuse. They have played the same part in the Meiji era that the outspoken critics of the old Yedo régime played in the second third of the nineteenth century, the latter in the face of imprisonment and death. These two writers carry out in an eminent degree the professed purpose of the book, and inspire confidence as others do not. For example, in the chapter on "The Imperial Family," by Baron Sannomiya, this consummate Chesterfieldian, who acts as the court chamberlain, tells us what went on—outside of the imperial family. His text is interesting, but gives us scarcely a hint of the private life or daily routine of the chief ruler of Japan, or of the real machinery of government in the palace. The chapters on politics are simply the old speeches of the Marquis Ito with some historical matter. Marquis Yamagata speaks with the frankness of a soldier and with more illumination. If, in Baron Kaneko's paper on the "Organization of a Modern State," his fluent English words had the depth and meaning which a thousand years of struggle for constitutional government in England make them mean to us, the student would be delighted and surprised, but there is a difference between the coin's stamp and the metal itself. The papers on the army and navy are clear and full. Under the head of "Diplomacy," Professor Ariga writes in delightful style, and is especially full on the subject of Korea. While thankful for this as a notable contribution to history, the critic who knows the Korean side of the events described will not be sparing of his salt. Some of the omissions are surprising, as of the influence of Gen. Grant in the Riu Kiu compilation, while nothing is said of the Joint High Commission which discussed the matter in Peking. The great theme of treaty revision is robbed of vitality in its treatment, through excess of diplomatic caution and perhaps an excusable desire to show how successful Japanese diplomacy has been. Count Okuma adds a mere fragment from his speech of 1887 in the Lower House.

One turns to the chapters on Education to get some real light on the problems involved, but, except from the pen of Count Okuma, always the champion of independent study and the ceaseless enemy of Japan's excess of red tape, we find little but pragmatic narrative. Baron Suyematsu, who wields a brilliant pen, writes most attractively on "Woman's Education," but here, except on matters historical and already commonplace to the well-informed, the oracles are dumb. What the purchaser who spends five dollars for this book wants to know about woman's education is this: Does the Japanese man want his wife or sister educated equally with himself—not necessarily in exactly the same way, but with equal opportunity for self-improvement? The total ignoring by the Government of the higher education of women does not help to answer the question. Eager

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for light on this question, we turn to the end of the book to read a short paper on "The Position of Woman," by Professor Jinzo Naruse, founder of the first and the only university for women in Japan, and a private institution. Again we find historical data, but cannot learn whether Japan honestly wants to be civilized in the sense in which nations that give woman opportunities for culture are civilized. In a word, the Japanese, on these questions of vital import, treat the reader as if he were a war correspondent.

The chapters on "Religion," while charming as literature, are even more disappointing than those on Education, unless we abolish the distinction between ethics and religion, or even if we accept Matthew Arnold's definition of the latter as all-sufficing. Professor Nitobe, in fascinating style, writes on Bushido (the knightly code) and Patriotism, highly idealizing the actual Bushido, which had waxed old and was dying when he was born, and is now long dead. The code-lawyer, Professor Hozumi, in treating of ancestor-worship, would have us believe that it was an indigenous product of Japanese soil—which no scholar has yet proved—and not an importation from China. Neither Buddhism, which has been the great civilizer and is the heart of Japanese popular life, nor Shinto as a system, nor Confucianism, which not only furnished the daily moral law for the people, but the creed of the gentleman for centuries, has any place in the descriptions or discussions of this volume. In treating of Art and Literature, the writers correct some errors of foreign writers, but contribute little that is fresh or revealing.

Palio and Ponte: An Account of the Sports of Central Italy from the Age of Dante to the XXth Century. By William Heywood. London: Methuen & Co. Pp. viii. +268, with twenty-seven illustrations.

Once the eager traveller has explored the great Italian highroads, the bypaths still remain. More and more the habit of regarding the whole of Italy as one vast museum will grow on him. An arch, a doorway, a trellis, will suffice to suggest a vision of the past; not only the half-forgotten master seen in some mouldy chapel perched on a vine-girt scarp of the Apennines will attract him by its savor of another age, but life as well as art will recall antiquity in a hundred forms. What can be more pagan than the harvest offerings of corn before the roadside altars of Venetia? Or what more mediæval than the ancient *trattrorie* of Italian towns—the Corte dell' Orso at Venice, with its antique well-head, or the subterranean Lapi's at Florence, where, in the vaults of a *quattrocento* palace, the *popolo* partake of Protean macaroni, almost in the nature of a sacrament. And though Italians have "a miserably low standard of intoxication," Bacchus in Italy well deserves the study recently given to him by a learned Teuton, and Arquà is as famous for its local vintage as for having been Petrarch's last place of residence.

It is not only the triple-starred in Baedeker which enchants. The marionettes in Venice still sing delightfully Paisiello's operas to an audience of gondoliers, and everywhere from the lips of the people fall exclamations as picturesque as any sight-ridden monument worn threadbare with praise. The writer well remembers an old *custode* at Perugia, worthy descendant of Matarazzo, describing the crimes of a lunatic who, on his return from a pilgrimage, cut the throats of his wife and children and afterwards killed his oxen and his cows. He finished his tale, saying like a chronicler of old, "Thus, 'twixt Christians and animals, he slew eleven"!

In 'Palio and Ponte,' Mr. Heywood has explored one of the most interesting and least known of Italian byroads. The spirit of sport in Italy, far from being merely the healthy exercise it has become in Anglo-Saxon communities, was closer to the Greek idea of games. It was at the same time the result of rivalry, generally between different communities of the same locality, and often the civic celebration of some historic event. Its study thus assumes real importance in the life of the Italian mediæval city; and the still surviving Palio at Siena, or the now deceased Giuco del Ponte at Pisa, must attract the student of the ancient Tuscan communes. Mr. Heywood has undertaken his study of these sports in the spirit of a true historian, and his researches have revealed a new side of Italy to English readers. In his description of these remnants of popular chivalry he has chosen a novel subject—not the Italy of sweet smiling virgins and ecstatic saints, nor yet the land of intrigue and poison. We are far too prone ourselves to search in the past only for the extreme. Yet then, as now, the vast majority, like Pier' Soderini of Tuscan epigram, could aspire only to Limbo. Not every one was either saint or demon, and even those who were had redeeming sides which humanized them. Mr. Heywood shows us Lorenzo de' Medici, Sodoma the painter, and Cæsar Borgia, like any English prime minister at the Derby, racing their horses at Sienese *palii*. We discover Cæsar Borgia's jockey using questionable tactics, as his master used questionable politics, and when the judges refused to award him the prize, he wrote to them demanding it. But our author is more than a student of archives. He has bursts of eloquence in his style. No amount of description can here take the place of a direct quotation of the lines in which he apostrophizes Pisa:

"To Pisa, great and powerful while yet the Greeks fought beneath the walls of Troy, whose more than thirty centuries laugh to scorn the pinchbeck antiquity of other cities; beside whom even Rome is young; to Pisa, Lady of the Sea, the mart of all the West and all the world, the conqueror of the Balearic Isles, of Sardinia and of Corsica, the scourge of the Infidel; to Pisa, *Tusciæ Provinciæ Caput* for twelve generations ere yet the upstart Florence dared to contest her hoar supremacy; to whom the Emperor of the East paid tribute; whose consuls owned no less or lower fount of their authority than the Almighty Himself; to Pisa, the Imperial Ghibelline to the last—belongs of right the foremost place."

We suspect that the possible charge of partiality to Siena may have inspired these lines, for Mr. Heywood's previous books prove him a Sienese at heart. He has even inherited the prejudices of that city of the hills. Florence to him is still the object of anathema. It is true that her cunning panegyrists had long gained the ear of Christendom. "Only within the last few years have men begun to perceive that many of her glories are borrowed glories, and all her crimes are her own." Thus does he perpetuate the hoary savor of a hatred grown venerable with centuries. His book, however, is no less interesting for this. He has interwoven a vast amount of local history, especially Sienese, since no Anglian, save perhaps Mr. Langton Douglas, knows his Siena better. But Mr. Heywood has something of the Berserker in him, which aids him to appreciate the spirit of the Middle Ages. His account of the battle of Montaperti is a thrilling bit of historical narrative, which those who know the picture chronicle in the library at Siena will relish. Mr. Heywood tastes what he describes. He has gone to the sources not merely in his facts, but in his inspiration. He has not compiled a book, but has written one for which all lovers of Italy can only be grateful.

Bucking the Sage Brush; or, The Oregon Trail in the Seventies. By Charles J. Steedman. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The sub-title suggests a classic, but the book makes no claim to classic pretensions. It is too truthful, and adheres too closely to fact, to be a popular narrative of travel, and its flaws of composition preclude it from comparison with Parkman's first memorable work, 'The Oregon Trail,' written before his own style was spoiled by yielding to the temptation of florid writing. Our author does not err in that direction, but he weakens his simple description of a vanishing phase of Western life by indulging in facetiæ and commonplace Western slang. The charm of the book, nevertheless, lies in its being a straightforward, unromantic story of a cowboy's experience while driving a herd of cattle across the northern section of the Rocky Mountains long before the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, or the Oregon Short Line was built, and when the only transcontinental road was the Union and Central Pacific. Though the party passed through this territory when the Indians were on the warpath, he personally witnessed no gory massacres; and though the trip was made in the period of horse-stealing and consequent lynching, he saw nothing more suggestive of lawlessness than a burglar's mask in an abandoned cabin. In these respects his horseback ride from the Columbia, across Idaho, into Wyoming was as uneventful as is the journey to-day of most travellers by rail, if they avoid saloons and gambling houses. It was the real West which he describes—not that of Buffalo Bill's show.

Our author, like many another Eastern youth, left an Eastern office to become a cowpuncher under the mistaken conception of what Western life really means. Yet, though he has returned to civilization and warns his readers to dismiss illusions and look reality full in the face before following his example, he found the outdoor, untrammelled life of the range sufficiently attractive to induce him to spend some nine years of the best period of his early manhood in the Rocky Mountains. After serving a short apprenticeship on a ranch in Wyoming, he and three other Bostonians, as inexperienced as himself, combined their ignorance and their capital into a cattle company, and two of them started to scour the West for a herd of

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steers. They first tried southern Utah. There they found no stock; but though they discovered, even in those early days, that the Mormon Church had created an industrial oasis in the desert of Western extravagance and recklessness, he has not a good word to say for its members. He and his partner next tried Nevada, but with no better success. They then turned their steps toward Oregon. For more than thirty years previously, immigration from the East had entered it over the Oregon Trail, and during that interval the immigrants had raised great herds of cattle, for which no market could be found on the Pacific Coast, and which could reach Eastern ranges only by being driven over a thousand miles of dangerous mountain trail and swimming boisterous Western torrents. The prices, therefore, were low in proportion to the greatness of the risk run by the purchasers. Here, therefore, our Boston lads invested in some three thousand head of cattle at about $10 per head, in a wagon and team, and in a drove of horses, as each cowboy needs about ten. They hired a cook, a clerk and cowboys, and commenced their arduous ride from Walla Walla in Oregon to Laramie in Wyoming.

Many another experienced the same hardships and met the same mishaps during the following seven years, when over half a million head of cattle were driven by the same route from the same pastures in Oregon and Washington before the Northern Pacific was built, but no one of them except our author has told how these vast herds were handled by a few dexterous cowboys. If he would write another book and describe the transformation which the cattle trade of the West has undergone, he would increase our obligations. The day was, when Texas from the Gulf to the Rio Grande was one vast cattle range; but little by little the rancher has driven back the ranger until cultivation now extends to within less than two hundred miles of the New Mexican line. The Reclamation act puts it within the power of the President (and he is now using his prerogative) to exclude from further occupation such tracts of the Western territory as may possibly be brought under artificial irrigation; and he may include in forest reserves denuded areas where no tree can grow while cattle are allowed to range at large and destroy the young shoots, but where, within two or three generations, a vigorous forest would clothe the soil were cattle absolutely debarred. From these two sections of the national domain, where heretofore the cattle owner has fed his herds wherever they were within reach of water, without the payment of rent or royalty, he is being excluded. The largest available tracts of pasture are probably in Arizona and in New Mexico, but in years of drought the ranges are overstocked with walking skeletons of perishing cattle. Those which have not succumbed are saved from starvation by being carried under emergency rates by the railroads to the East and West and North. At best all the cattle from these arid plains and mountains have to be fattened on the succulent prairie grasses of Kansas and Nebraska before they are fit for the market. In Mexico alone are there still such herds as once accumulated in the Northwest; but customs duties and quarantine regulations interfere with their free access to our markets. And there alone, also, must such herds from certain sections be driven hundreds of miles on their own hoofs, for to the north of the line only have the railroads almost everywhere obliterated the old cattle trails.

Literary Geography. By Mr. William Sharp. Scribners.

This very attractive-looking volume is profusely illustrated by half-a-dozen artists, including Greiffenhagen. Mr. Sharp takes his subject partly by authors, and partly by localities, when, as with the English lakes or Geneva or the Thames, the literary associations crowd too thickly for separate treatment. Literary geography, in these days of pilgrimages to every hole and corner that has associations with an author or his forebears, has developed into a special type of descriptive literature, almost with a style of its own. It is the opportunity of the rambling writer with a turn for humor and anecdote, and has transformed bicycling and walking tours into profitable investments. Mr. Sharp ranges through the country of Meredith, Stevenson, Dickens, Scott, George Eliot, Thackeray, the Brontës, Carlyle—well-trodden ground all this, and not so very wide, if one confines one's self to the regions where an author has spent his time, and does not venture into the lands that he has brought under the sway of his imagination. Mr. Sharp compromises, follows the wandering pen now and then, but keeping almost entirely to the British Isles.

The chapter on "Aylwin-Land" will surprise a good many of his American readers, who can hardly have realized the vogue of the late Mr. Watts-Dunton's novel in Wales and East Anglia. Mr. Sharp declares that no Welsh home is without a copy of 'Aylwin'; that it is the representative romance of North Wales and East Anglia, north of Lowestoft, and wonders "if any other first romance has ever had so swift and so great a success." He writes, moreover, as though George Borrow's pictures of gypsy life, in 'Lavengro,' had been thrown into the shade by the gypsies in 'Aylwin.' This seems to us the partiality of friendship. In connection with the author of 'Aylwin,' Mr. Sharp gives some interesting and rather alarming statistics of the "torn beaches and snatched lands and submerged shores" along the southern and eastern coasts of England. Thirty-four towns and villages and many hundreds of square miles of territory have been lost "during the modern period."

Mr. Sharp's humor is often rather trivial, and occasionally he writes wildly, as on page 97, where he speaks of 'The Green Carnation,' that obsolete satire of Mr. Hichens, as "the most brilliant satirical comedy given us since the vast drama of 'Vanity Fair.'" On page 94 he speaks of Loti's famous novel as 'Les Pêcheurs d'Islande.' Elsewhere (p. 226) he makes a curious mistake about the Comtesse d'Agoult, whom he calls "the sister of Liszt." The Comtesse d'Agoult, better known by her *nom de plume* of "Daniel Stern," was the mistress of Liszt, with whom she ran away from a ball, forsaking for him her husband and child and a brilliant social position in Paris. Mr. Sharp's anecdotes are numerous and amusing. He derives from Mr. Andrew Carnegie the tale of "the American cyclist who, when skirting the shore of a solitary Highland loch, noticed a boat in which was a man languidly examining the depths with a water-telescope. Now and again he would pause and chat with a friend who sat on the bank reading a newspaper, or he would lay down the telescope and light his pipe. The American could not restrain his curiosity, and at last asked the idler on the bank, 'What is your friend looking for? Oysters?' 'No,' was the matter-of-fact reply; 'my brother-in-law.'"

The Romance of Isabel Lady Burton: The Story of her Life told in part by herself and in part by W. H. Wilkins. Dodd, Mead & Co. Pp. xviii., 778; portraits and illustrations.

In the romance of marriage and the married life there is not a brighter and more hopeful page than that which tells of Richard Burton and his wife, Isabel Arundel. Of no man could it apparently more certainly be said than of Burton, on the basis of his repeated judgments and elaborately developed theories as to the relation of the sexes, that his married life, with any woman of character and ability, must of necessity be a colossal failure. Yet it is perfectly clear that not only did this pair achieve the decent mean of getting along together, as it is called, but that they thoroughly loved and trusted one another; that she gave him the most complete devotion of a very fervent nature, and that he responded so far as was in him. The secret of it all undoubtedly lay with Lady Burton. She was a very clever woman and a very good woman; she had infinite tact, and she set out from the old-fashioned position of giving her life to her husband. The seventeen rules which she drew up before marriage for her guidance as a wife may read queerly to our modern notions, but, certainly for her husband at any rate, they were sovereign, and they give the clue to her success. And with it all she retained his respect and affection. Anecdotes in circulation tell of the calm insistence with which she, up to the end, kept him to the little details of observance and courtesy which he was somewhat apt to let slip. They were very unusual people, and had a very unusual life, both with each other and with the world—"ganz verrückte Leute," one observer at Trieste said; but they were also, in their way, a model couple. Assuredly, the wisest thing Richard Burton ever did was his marriage.

And so, again, the question cannot but rise whether the Burton of his books was the whole man or the most fundamental part of the man. No one can read his commentary on the 'Nights' without a shiver at the possibilities which would have lain in its coming to the eyes of his wife—of any wife of any husband. Yet, though he kept it from her, he could not, during almost thirty years of the closest comradeship, have kept himself from her. If any one knew him, she did, and therein must lie his truest vindication and that against himself. Even reading the MS. of 'The Scented Garden' did not change her faith in him; it only made her guard his memory by an act which all who know the facts must approve and reverence. And it may easily have been a self of his of which he was only partially conscious, that she

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knew; and yet the most real and guiding self after all. We, as we know ourselves, are seldom our absolute selves, and are sometimes strangely perverted selves.

To such moralizings a book like this must inevitably lead. But it sends, too, a clear wind of honesty, fidelity, and good sense blowing through the miasmatic vapors of our current marriage discussions. When ten-year terms and matters the like are on the carpet, it is most opportune that the record of the married life of the Burtons should again appear. As the present is a second edition, a detailed review is unnecessary. It is enough to say that, simply as a biography, this book must stand high, but it stands higher still for the united lives of which it tells.

Multiple Personality: An Experimental Investigation into the Nature of Human Individuality. By Boris Sidis, Ph.D., and Simon P. Goodhart, M.D. Appletons.

This interesting study of multiple personality is dedicated to William James, and made up of a good deal of theoretic speculation on the nature of personality, of discussions of already recorded cases, and of a detailed account of the remarkable case of the Rev. Mr. Hanna. In discussing the first of these topics the influence of M. Pierre Janet's "dissociation" theory preponderates; there is no consideration of Myers's "subliminal self," and one feels that nothing definitive can as yet be claimed for any theorizing about so obscure and novel a subject. The third part contains some acute remarks and criticises some well-known cases; the second is central both in position and in interest.

As this fact is indicated by the authors themselves in the preface, we need make no apology for drawing attention mainly to the very instructive case of double personality to which pages 83-229 are devoted. On April 15, 1897, the Rev. Mr. Hanna, a vigorous young Baptist minister, was thrown on to his head in a carriage accident. He was picked up unconscious, and for two hours his life was despaired of; then he opened his eyes, arose, and attempted to push one of the doctors. They, thinking him to be delirious, tried to keep him in bed, which led to a struggle in which the patient developed "herculean" strength, and had finally to be tied down. From further observations it gradually dawned on his attendants that, as a result of this fall, the whole of the knowledge acquired by Mr. Hanna from the day of his birth had disappeared. He was reduced to the condition of a new-born infant, unable to speak, to interpret his sensations, to control his limbs, to take food or to demand it. But, still more strangely, he was an infant with an adult intelligence, keenly interested in the development of his experience, observing everything, and capable of remembering his whole history after the fall and of describing with a trained intelligence his gradual initiation into a new world. In short, his case presents philosophers with almost exactly the information they have so often and so vainly sought to derive from a conjectural restoration of the "psychological baby." For apparently the shock which had driven underground Mr. Hanna's whole past life, had left his mental powers unimpaired. He proceeded in consequence to learn with the most marvellous rapidity. On the Saturday morning he discovered that he had been feeling intense pain in his head, by its cessation! This led to complaints on its return, which alarmed the doctors, who interpreted it as meaning that he now felt it for the first time. The accounts of how his senses came back one by one, of how he realized the independent existence of other persons (by the "pushing" experiment mentioned above), of how he acquired a conception of space and learned that the "out-of-doors" of several windows formed one big "out-of-doors," are most instructive and entertaining. His ready appreciation of mathematical truth (pp. 150-1) would have seemed to Plato conclusive evidence of the truth of his theory that "learning" was really untaught "recollection" of truths known in a previous life; and, indeed, such unconscious "lapsed" knowledge was the explanation of his performances.

These led the doctors to suspect that his former life, though submerged, might not be irrecoverable, and to effect his cure they proceeded systematically to exploit this clue. It was soon discovered that he had vivid dreams, *which were really memories of his past life*—again a discovery which would have delighted Plato. Since, therefore, the memories still existed subconsciously, might it not be possible to reknit the severed strands of association? The patient was asked to close his eyes and to listen attentively to literature which had been familiar to him in his previous existence. When the reading was abruptly stopped in the middle of a sentence, Mr. Hanna exclaimed, "I remember," and recited the whole passage, which, however, he immediately again forgot. Dr. Sidis gives the name of "hypnoidization" to this method, which will remind readers of Kipling of the exact procedure adopted in 'The Finest Story in the World.' Persistent experiment systematically encouraged these subliminal uprushes in hypnoidal states, until, one night in June, Mr. Hanna awoke in his primary personality, completely ignorant, of course, of his whole life since his fall, and unable to believe the story told him until convinced of the lapse of time by noticing how much earlier it got light. After this a period of alternating personality set in, which was of course very inconvenient because neither personality could remember the other. Finally, *both* lives came up together in memory, after a prolonged struggle, in which they grew "more and more personal, until at last by a deliberate, voluntary act, the two were seized," and Mr. Hanna thereby reunited himself and became able to write a most interesting autobiographical account of the whole affair.

Truly, one of the most fascinating of the fairy-tales of science, for the observing and recording of which Dr. Sidis and Dr. Goodhart deserve all credit. The success of the psychological treatment also may fairly be quoted by Dr. Sidis as a substantial confirmation of the theories which inspired it. And yet it is not logically conclusive, and raises perhaps almost as many problems as it solves. For neither in physiological nor psychological terms is the continued existence, subconsciously, of intact split-off personalities easy to conceive. But one feels also that by dealing effectively with such cases psychology is at last beginning to show that it can get hold of and operate on the real constituents of soul-life, and is ceasing to be merely a rather pedantic play with learned technicalities.

Hispano-Moresque Ware of the XVth Century: A Contribution to its History and Chronology, Based upon Armorial Specimens. By A. van de Put. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: John Lane. 1904. Pp. vi., 104.

Of all the ancient wares which have and deserve a great reputation, the Spanish lustred pottery is the most accessible, and yet this is the first orderly and intelligent treatise devoted to it. Many private collections have undoubtedly original pieces of great beauty; the variety of design among them is very considerable; nothing in the way of ceramic decoration is more effective, when placed at a little distance from the eye (as upon the walls of a sitting-room), than these round platters—and yet to this day the ware is treated as if it were a mere step in the advance toward the majolica of Central Italy. In the excellent Fortnum Catalogue of majolica and the kindred wares issued by the South Kensington Museum in 1873, forty-eight pieces are named, and woodcuts of two or three are given, among them a noble vase; but it was not thought worth while to devote a colored plate (of the dozen in the book) to those admirable wares of Spain. Baron Davillier, that enthusiast for early Spanish art, gave us, in 1861, a brief treatise on the lustred potteries, and in 1892 Émile Molinier, writing carefully, could only say that Davillier's book (probably in a subsequent edition) was still the latest contribution to knowledge upon the subject. Lustred wares of Italy and those of Persia and the neighboring lands have been more fully studied, and one is left in doubt whether it is the paler color, the silvery tone, the effects of gray and gold, which are to so marked an extent less popular than the deeper hues of Persian and Central Italian wares of the great time.

The book we have in hand goes far to supply the obvious need of a manual. It is a small quarto with thirty-four plates, of which three, with five specimens of the ware, are in color, the rest being in the usual black-printed half-tones. The pieces illustrated come from the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum (whose new name foreigners are slow to learn), the great collection at the Sèvres porcelain manufactory, and from many private collections. There is a large-scale map of the seacoast near Valencia, and a table of descent of the later Kings of Aragon and their allied princes. Many little cuts of armorial achievements are set in the text to help in the genealogical studies of origin; and we are reminded that the book is more especially a study of pieces identified by armorial bearings painted on them.

The text makes no pretence to be a history: it is brief, and plain in its recognition of the fact that the material for a history is lacking, as yet. This general treatise occupies half the volume, and is followed by rather full descriptions of some of the plates, though the system followed is a little confused and confusing. Still, it suffices to explain the author's warrant for the dates he gives, in arranging thus thirty pieces, chronologically placed between 1430 and 1500 A.D.

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Sunny Sicily. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. Macmillan.

By its aim, its general appearance, and even its title, this book seems to challenge a comparison with the 'Picturesque Sicily' of W. A. Paton (1897). The fact that the present volume is larger, is due partly to typographical differences and more numerous illustrations, partly to the writer's superior enterprise in visiting remote spots, and partly to her regrettable habit of dragging in irrelevant information. Thus, a history of English religious drama is inserted into an account of marionettes at Palermo, and an audience of Pius X. is described in connection with a journey to Piana dei Greci. This journey also illustrates another point of difference between Mrs. Tweedie and Mr. Paton. The former, as in many other instances, dwells with evident pleasure on the dangers of the expedition; the latter sets our uneasy minds at rest by referring to telephone communication between Piana dei Greci and Palermo. But perhaps the keynote of the divergence is struck in the first chapter of each book, reminding us of the *Punch* version of comments by Gladstone and Disraeli on each other's writings: "Hm, flippant." "Ha, prosy." If Mr. Paton is prosy, Mrs. Tweedie is certainly flippant, with a recklessly slipshod style, many inaccurate statements, and spelling that is peculiar either to her or to her printer. We need only instance "euphobia," "sandled feet," "Guidecca," "trigreliefs," the assertion that Segesta is in the northeast of the island, or that the prostrate Atlas at Girgenti is a woman; and the following strangely disjointed passage:

"Plato lived in Syracuse and became tutor to Dionysius the younger. He described those years in his Seventh Epistle, although Dr. Jowett declared all the Epistles were spurious. However, be that as it may, there is very little to see in the modern town."

With all its faults, the book is valuable as a sort of "chatty" Baedeker, being not only readable, but full of practical hints for the travellers who may be attracted by it to this wonderful island—"a land," as Mrs. Tweedie truly says, "of color, a land of variegated scene and endless charm."

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